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A
Human Note

ST. LAWRENCE CHANDLER
MARQUIS OF ECKERSLEY Digitized by Google

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To

Mrs J. H. Apple

With Compliments of

The Author

St Lawrence Chandler

NCW

Chandler
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ST. LAWRENCE CHANDLER,
Marquis of Eckersley.

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A HUMAN NOTE.

BY
ST. LAWRENCE CHANDLER,
MARQUIS OF ECLESLEY.

ILLUSTRATED BY
RAY LA BRUN JENKINS.





A HUMAN NOTE.

BY
ST. LAWRENCE CHANDLER,
MARQUIS OF ECKERSLEY.

ILLUSTRATED BY
JAY LA BRUN JENKINS.



1900
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THE NEW YORK
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ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

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6 Oct 1945

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BY
S^r. LAWRENCE CHANDLER.

**DEDICATED TO
MY WIFE,
BERTHA ELLEN,
MARSHJONESS OF ECKERSLEY.**

PREFACE.

In giving to the world this, my maiden effort, it is with many and varied feelings. I must confess it has been my lifelong ambition to write a book, and now that my story has been completed I feel as nervous as a young girl over her first proposal. If my little plot serves to interest you, perchance to help you pass a pleasant hour, then, dear reader, my mission has been performed.

The writer has had many hints from his friends as to how a story should be written, but has declined any help, for he feels that, if any bright theme of a literary spirit lurks in his frame, it must be given to the world in a natural manner.

But hark! Our little play is about to commence; and, in metaphor, let us list to the music, and up goes our curtain.

ST. LAWRENCE CHANDLER.

Kansas City, Mo., March 20, 1908.

"Comrades, leave me here a little, while 'tis
early morn;
Leave me here, and, when you want me,
Sound upon the bugle horn."

—Tennyson.

CHARACTERS.

Count Polo	Count
Prince Nicholas Polisky	Prince.
Ivan Latherwich	Chief of police.
Slingsby Freestick	Chicago reporter.
Enos Elmer	Uncle to Slingsby.
Uncle Zeb	Servant.
Fred Hoxley	The human note.
Sam Hoxley	Father to Fred.
Sam Hudson	Business man.
Mrs. Hudson	His wife.
Nip Hudson	His daughter.
Nellie Hamilton	Nurse.
Pullman Gillett	Capitalist.
Rev. C. F. Wilbur	Clergyman.
Cecil Henderson	Englishman.
Edith Henderson	His daughter.
Celia Hamilton	Nellie's sister.
Herr Jeneff	Bank clerk.
Wm. Hackett	Engineer.

A NOTE.

A very close description is given to certain Chicago streets, but it is on account of their having a historical record. It is a well-known fact that the plot to kill President McKinley was planned on Newberry Avenue.

-100.000

С Немудру.

Decembr 14. 1907

Вс декабря 14^{го} 1908 я одолжал
гражданину С Немудрумъ зему
100.000 рублей.

Федоръ Марковъ

А.
Дисконта
20206

THE NOTE ON FRED HOXLEY'S BACK.

A HUMAN NOTE.

CHAPTER I.

"My lord, there is a messenger from Rome
Desires to be admitted to your presence."

—Shakespeare.

A dark, dismal, rainy night in the great city of Chicago. The rain descends in torrents, and those unfortunate pedestrians who are caught in it hurry on their way for the nearest shelter. Not so, however, with one, a young man with hands in his pockets, who lounges on his way, oblivious of the elements and drenching he is receiving. With his soft fedora pulled over his eyes, from which the water is streaming down in little rivulets, he looks the very picture of misery.

This being our hero, it is well for us to study him for a moment or so. From what we can perceive, he is a young man of perhaps two and twenty, medium height, broad-shouldered and

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well built. His figure is closely knitted together, giving him an air denoting great strength of limb and body. With regular features, brown, fearless eyes, and closely cropped curly chestnut hair, he looks like one of the young Romans of old, who stepped into the amphitheater and cried aloud for the lions to be brought forth.

He is dressed with the perfect taste of a well-appointed young business man, and the above description will serve to introduce to the reader the salient points of our hero, Slingsby Freestick.

Let us follow him as he saunters along the avenue until he turns up Forty-fourth Street, and with his pass-key enters a ground floor apartment of one of the small houses, where he goes into a small room, evidently a bachelor's den, throws himself into a large arm-chair—one of the kind made to woo tired limbs—and gives himself up to thought. The room is furnished in splendid taste, but the little feminine touches are absent, which indicates that our young friend is a bach-



"As he lies asleep his lips part in a smile."

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elor. As he reclines in his chair, with knitted brows and dark expression of gloom on his face, one would conjecture he is sadly troubled. Hour after hour he does not change his position, save to take up book or newspaper, with which he tries to interest himself, but which he quickly throws aside. Towards morning, thoroughly worn out, he sinks back in his chair and sleeps.

As he lies asleep his lips part in a smile. His dreams must be pleasant. Perhaps in that wonderful Land of Nod he is once more a merry little fellow playing at his mother's knee, or, worn out with play, seeks repose on his mother's breast and hears her croon those old, familiar songs. Perhaps he dreams of college days and, while engaged in a game of foot-ball or other sports, hears the cries of victory, which makes the blood go coursing through his veins.

While he has forgotten his troubles in the arms of Morpheus, let us ascertain what is troubling him.

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A few days previous he received a telegram announcing the death of his uncle, Enos Elmer, of Louisville, Ky., which had been followed by a letter received this day, stating that his uncle had left his entire fortune to the Louisville General Hospital.

The average young man is not affected by the death of an uncle, but it was a very serious matter in this case.

Slingsby's father had resided in St. Paul, Minn. and was just beginning to found a lucrative practice as a lawyer, when he was killed in a railway accident. Mrs. Freestick, at no time strong, never recovered from the shock, and followed her husband one short week after his death.

Mr. Freestick had lived up every penny of his income, and when his affairs were settled, it was found that the only child, Slingsby, then six years old, was left upon the world alone and without a penny.

It was at this trying period that his old Uncle

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Enos arrived on the scene and carried off his little nephew to his home in Louisville, Ky., to be brought up to the best knowledge of this wealthy old bachelor.

The uncle became very fond of the little fellow, and under his influence and guidance he grew to early manhood. When the proper time came, his uncle sent him to Yale, where he graduated in due course by a very narrow margin, but carried off all the athletic prizes of his year, which he placed at his dear uncle's feet.

His uncle chose the Church as a career for Slingsby, but our hero had made up his mind to become a journalist, and already had visions of editing some great metropolitan sheet. Ah! how little he knew that in doing so his powers would be curtailed, and that the essential views would be laid down by the powers that be; that the careful construction of an article and cunning turning of phrases would be all that would fall to his pen! That he might have a wider scope

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for his chosen career, he had joined the staff of a large Chicago daily, as reporter, hack, and general fill-in man, at a small salary, so as to get experience.

A snug allowance of \$200 per month from his uncle would serve to keep the fabled animal from his door, and hence we find him housed in an apartment, with old Uncle Zeb, brought up from Louisville, as his valet, cook, and general master of the household.

The letter he had received stated that the monthly allowance would end, and, as misery never comes alone, he had that day been discharged for missing two important assignments, where the other papers had made a scoop, and now he would be left without money or position.

Now, do not let us whisper too loudly, else Father Knickerbocker may hear us and say that no man need be out of employment if he has willing hands, in this the greatest city of all.

The next morning, while probing the situation

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from every point, it seemed gloomier than ever. He had always lived in good style, never denying himself any of the luxuries of life, and now all must end. His thoughts are still bearing on this strain when Uncle Zeb enters and presents a card, on which he reads:

IVAN LATHERWICH,

St. Petersburg,

Chief of Police. *Russia.*

Wondering why he should be honored with a call and what his mission could be, he asks Uncle Zeb to show the foreign gentleman in, awaiting the visitor's entrance with much speculative curiosity.

CHAPTER II.

"This world is not for aye, nor 'tis not strange
That even our loves should with our fortunes change."
—*Shakespeare*.

Let me now introduce the reader to the next character to play an important part in our little drama, and in doing so we will have to ask him whether he recalls a well-known young man named Hoxley, whose name appeared frequently, in the nineties, in the society columns of the Chicago papers.

Fred Hoxley was domiciled with his parents, Sam Hoxley, in one of those palaces of the old school of architecture found on West Washington Boulevard. Old Sam Hoxley had commenced with his foot on the bottom of the ladder; in fact, one might say he had hardly gotten that far, for his career was started in the early sixties as a helper in a large stock-yards concern, and by a strange freak of fortune he found out

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the correct way to manufacture butterine, and his fortune was made. No more overalls for Sam, but fine linen and good clothes, which made him look, in his way of dressing, like a country preacher on parade. His only son, Fred, the apple of his eye, with loads of money and little brains, crept rapidly into society, and his father would read with delight of his prowess, in the society columns.

Shortly before our story commences there had been a great change in Fred. He sold his polo pony and his yacht, gave up society, and went into Socialism.

We can imagine how one of his brains and money would be welcomed by those strange clubs of bearded "Comrades" that infest the vicinity of Halsted Street.

Some six months previous to the events of the last chapter we might follow Fred Hoxley from his house on the boulevard about ten o'clock one winter night. Taking a car, he transfers on

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Halsted Street. Leaving the car, he walks west one block to Newberry Avenue, and glances around for a number. The houses are squalid and low in this part of the city, the street wretchedly lighted, and he appears glad to have at last found the right number. He goes up an alley to the rear of a small cottage, of which all the blinds are closely drawn, and gives three raps —one, and then two hasty ones. The door is opened by a wretched old hag, who at once says, "Tola!" Fred quickly responds, "Vodka," and the hag opens another door, and a strange scene meets his view. Around a long deal table sit twenty or thirty men, and a student of races could pick out at least eight different nationalities. Most of them had long beards; some were dressed in rags; some were well dressed and appeared to be men of good standing. However, all were Socialists of the most rabid order; in fact, we might say Anarchists. The air was redolent with smoke coming from pipes, cigars and

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cigarettes, and one man with a red beard and small, beady eyes had just made a speech and was in the act of sitting down.

As soon as Fred entered he was greeted with "Comrade Hoxley!" "Comrade Hoxley!" "Glad you 're here!" but no offer of shaking hands was indulged in. That is not part of their greeting.

A seat was hastily arranged for Fred, and then the man with the red beard, who, from all appearances, was their leader, arose and said:

"Comrade Hoxley, we have arranged a mission for you. Affairs in our cause are in bad shape in Russia. The Newark comrades have asked us to select a good man to go there and find out just what progress the brothers are making, and we have selected you—by drawing, as usual. It is well, for you have plenty of money, and will avoid all suspicion, and you can be back here and report to the chief leaders."

Fred Hoxley knew there was but to obey. His father had long wanted to introduce his

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goods on the European market, so Fred arranged with him, the next day, to run over to Europe and sound certain financial men and merchants as to the sale of butterine in Europe.

That day he concluded his affairs and repaired to his club, to leave at 2:30 for New York, via the Century Limited. He engaged his berth on the *Baltic*, by wire, and sailed for Hamburg on the following Thursday.

He arrived at Hamburg, that wonderful shipping port, in due time, and after seeing certain people on his father's behalf, proceeded at once to St. Petersburg as fast as rail would carry him.

Now, before leaving, he had had directions to go to a small tavern called St. Michael, on Kronstadt Place, and wait the coming of two men, who would approach and accost him on a certain night, and he would give the pass-word. He found the tavern and waited. Hour after hour went by. He was to meet the men at five o'clock. At eight p. m. he got restless and ordered a

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drink. The fiery vodka was brought to him and he had several drinks. The first thing he knew, he could not remember the pass-word. Two men entered. What could he say? In his disgust he called for more vodka, and, not being a hard drinker, he soon was dead to the world, to the Socialist party, to everyone.

Let him lie there, and we will see what became of Fred.

CHAPTER III.

"From snow-topped hills the whirlwinds keenly blow,
Howl through the woods, and pierce the vales below;
Through the dark air a flaky torrent flies,
Mocks the slow sight, and hides the gloomy skies."
—*J. Crabbe.*

St. Petersburg, Queen of the Frozen Zone, we view you on a fine winter night. In fact, the very night we left Fred Hoxley in the tavern on Kronstadt Place. The houses are covered with snow; a rich carpet of the same covers the streets; the people, with fur hats pulled down over their ears, call a hasty good-night to each other, as the hour approaches nine, and the Russians of the middle and serf classes retire early.

We note with pleasure the hundreds of sleighs that go dashing along; horses three abreast, the driver standing, cracking his long whip and talking to his horses, for he seldom whips them.

We pick out one sleigh and follow it; its three superb horses are covered with harness richly

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adorned with silver and bells, denoting that it belongs to one not of the common herd, which is true, as this is the equipage of Prince Nicholas Polisky, governor of the Bank of St. Petersburg. The Prince, for it was he, is on his way to the famous Club Français, to dine with his intimate chum, Count Polo.

Arriving at the club, he passes up the broad stairway, which is covered with an awning, and where no less a personage than his Imperial Majesty, the Czar of all the Russias, is attending a reception. Throwing his costly fur coat to a footman, he repairs to a private dining-room, where he meets his friend Count Polo. They are both dressed, as Englishmen would be, in correct evening dress, only that the Order of the Eagle, glowing in diamonds, gleams at the Prince's throat.

Count Polo, a short fat man with a billiard-ball head, is about forty years old, and looks for all the world like a rosy English pippin. The

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Prince is over six feet tall, slender, and wears, as most of his countrymen do, a beard, but his is a Vandyke, and from the gray hairs we would judge him to be fifty. In truth, he has reached his fifty-second year. They are both enormously wealthy, and have been friends and chums for years; both bachelors, both fond of wine, women, and song; every capital in Europe resounded to their gay doings.

The private dining-room was a small one, but the table fairly groaned with the delicate repast served, of course, in Russian style. Over the caviar, that celebrated Russian dish, they discussed the tendencies to upheavals among the masses, and the cries of horror during France's revolution seemed to ring in their ears. Many topics were touched: the Bourse, in which each plunged heavily; and women, the topic that rises first to their mind when the rich wines, made from the sunny grapes, warms the heart and heats the brain.



*"I will furnish you a note and also discount same if you
are game."*

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After awhile they discuss banking. The Prince, of course, is well versed on this subject, being the head of the greatest bank in Russia, and the Count, some years previous having acted as a director of a small bank in Moscow, accepted himself as being well posted.

"Prince," laughed the Count, "at present I owe you, for cards and other debts, about one hundred thousand rubles. Now, if I give you my note of hand tattooed on a man's back, would it be legal, and would you, as a banker, accept the same?" The Count laughed long and loud, and added: "Of course the bank would have to furnish the note form."

Now the Prince did not laugh. Banking was his pet—his only love—and without smiling he said: "Count, such a thing is perfectly feasible. I will furnish you a note, and also discount the same, if you are game."

The Count assured the Prince that he was prepared to give the note, and stated he would give

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one at once, but perhaps it had better be made on paper in the usual manner. In answer the Prince touched a bell and dispatched a man for Fergus, his secretary and confidential man. Fergus arrived—a raw-boned Scotchman who has served his master faithfully for years, for “siller”; and they explain that he must search for some man for a note form, also a sailor who did tattooing, and to have them at the Russian apartments in the Rue Zenontch at one p. m. It was then eleven o’clock.

The Prince and his guest continued with their dinner.

Fergus, with the aid of four serfs, secured the services of a sailor who, with promises of plenty of money, would soon do the job. Then for the note. Stepping into a small tavern on Kronstadt Place, he noted a young man, a foreigner, drunk as a lord, who was none other than Fred Hoxley. Having his serfs bundle him into a sleigh, they all repaired to the Prince’s apart-

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ments and were soon joined by the Prince, Count Polo, and Herr Jeneff, chief of the discount department of the bank, who had been summoned by the Prince.

Our unfortunate young friend was now thrown upon his face and stripped. Herr Jeneff, the bank clerk, drew with pencil a draft of the note, and the sailor tattooed it. Also, the next number of the discount ledger was added, which was 20206, and the Count, under the sailor's direction, pricked in his name. The sailor, well paid, was sent on his way rejoicing; the Note or instrument was given over to Fergus' charge, and sent down to the Prince's estate on Lake Ladoga.

"100,000 Rubles. ST. PETERSBURG, RUSSIA,
"December 14, 1907.

"One year after date I promise to pay to Bank
of St. Petersburg, Russia, the sum of One Hundred
Thousand Rubles, for value received. Dis. No.
20206.

"Due Dec. 14, 1908.

V.,
"Count Polo."

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Now everything was well. Herr Jeneff would make the entry on the books of the bank, and produce the man for payment when he came due.

The next day, while the Prince was at luncheon with the Count and another friend, in his apartment, the man Fergus burst into the room and cried out: "The Note! My God, he is gone! What shall I do?"

All is confusion. The Prince's roars are heard above the din, and he sends at once to the chief of police, and, after a long consultation, he is engaged to find the Note, dead or alive. The only clue, an American hat with "Dunlap," "Fred Hoxley," "Chicago," would indicate that the Note had headed for that place.

The chief of police had visited Chicago during the World's Fair, and had taken a great liking to a young journalist, Slingsby Freestick, and, loaded with money, he resolved to ask the young man to make the search with him.

The Prince offered a reward of 50,000 rubles

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for his note. "Not the money," shouted the Prince as he dashed a goblet at a footman in his excitement, "but the honor of our bank. We must produce, on December 14, 1908, the Note at our note teller's window for payment, or I shall be the laughing-stock of all the bankers in the world.

CHAPTER IV.

"Vengeance to God alone belongs;
But when I think on all my wrongs,
My blood is liquid flame."

—*Sir W. Scott.*

It was ten o'clock at night before the Prince had completed all plans with Ivan Latherwich, and seen him off to the frontier with his instructions, and, let us not forget, plenty of money.

After wishing him good-bye, he repaired to the Club Français to seek surcease of sorrow in pouring out libations to the god Bacchus. Arriving at the club, he passes up to the third story by way of the broad staircase (ignoring the elevator, or "lift," as it was called) and salutes with nods and smiles club members, who either engage in conversation in little groups on the spacious landings or saunter up and down the stairs.

On arriving at the top floor he enters a saloon that for decoration would make many a

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man or woman open their eyes who were not accustomed to such elegance.

The color scheme was in different shades of red: the chairs of red morocco, with a high wainscoating of the same material, studded and held in place with nails whose tops represented the fleur-de-lis of France; the walls done in a lighter shade of red; the ceiling a cream, with dragons fighting, a magnificent piece of fresco painting by no less a hand than that of the master Malero. Magnificent paintings adorned the walls. A carpet of blood red of some forgotten loom of the Far East covered the floor. Four enormous chandeliers, carrying perhaps three hundred wax candles, lent a soft radiance to the room and also disclosed a number of gentlemen playing cards at small tables, and the only sound to be heard was the soft whisper of the well-modulated voices and the clink of the gold-pieces as they changed hands.

This gilded den of vice and gambling had

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driven many a young Army or Navy officer to ruin, as they played with men of the Prince's caliber, who could lose a million rubles without so much as a sigh.

To the Russian gambling comes as a second nature, and amongst the very wealthy enormous sums are staked nightly; in fact, whole estates have been known to change hands in one night's play.

The Prince joined a group that had evidently been waiting for him with impatience, which consisted of his old friend Count Polo, Lord Hampton, of the Royal Hussars, England, and Count Warsaw, of Poland; greeting Count Polo with a cold nod and the others with great affection. They were soon playing écarte for stakes that would have made many a rich man wince at losing.

As we will explain in a subsequent chapter, the Prince seems to have grown suddenly very cold to his old friend the Count, and the Count at once

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thought that the Prince suspected him in some manner of aiding the Note's escape, and became just as frigid to the Prince.

The Prince's actions toward the Count became so unbearable that finally he excused himself, and his place was taken by a young English officer, Lieutenant Pembroke, R.N., who was attached to the British Embassy.

Lieutenant Pembroke had been in St. Petersburg about two years, and he had the reputation of being a young officer very wealthy in his own right, which was a fact some years before, but with cards and gambling he had dissipated the whole of the estate, and was now, if we may be permitted to use the term, on his last legs.

As the game proceeded, everything seemed to be coming the Lieutenant's way; but towards midnight it was just the reverse, and he began to lose heavily.

"The way of the transgressor is hard." And how his shortcomings and evil doings came be-

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fore him as he sat in this gilded temple of vice! He knew that he never could exist on his pay—that was entirely out of the question.

Now, it was a fixed rule of the club that all members should play with gold-pieces, and if a member's stock of gold ran out, a footman would bring him a pad of paper, and the member would give his I. O. U. for as much gold as needed.

As the night went on the Lieutenant lost more and more, and had made his third requisition for gold, having lost the enormous sum of 15,000 rubles, when the footman returned with his last slip uncashed and with a request that he would favor the under secretary with his presence.

Pembroke, who had been drinking and was in the throes of despair and beside himself with rage, arose to go, when the Prince said with a sneer, "Perhaps you will not be coming back,"

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which was insinuating that he would be unable to reimburse his finances.

Half maddened with the play, drink, and despair, the Lieutenant struck out at the Prince, who, darting back, received only a light tap on the shoulder, but, in Russia, a deadly insult which could only be avenged on the field of honor.

Before any more blows could be exchanged, the men were surrounded by members, and Lord Hampton is soon selected to arrange matters on behalf of his countryman for a duel. Count Warsaw would take care of a like office for the Prince. The party now dispersed, and it had been arranged that the men would exchange shots on the shores of Lake Ladoga, at a spot near the village of Zemroff, at six o'clock the next morning.

Lieutenant Pembroke, leaving matters to be arranged by Lord Hampton, resolved to walk to his quarters, as he would have some last requests, and letters to write before dawn.

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As he left the club the cold air revived him to a great extent, and it all seemed like a horrible dream. Why had he struck the Prince? On second thought it might have only been a joke, but now beyond recall, and, though a brave man, he could not recall the fact that ere another day had rolled along he might be sleeping his last sleep.

With his night-key he entered the magnificent building that serves for the English ambassador's quarters and was soon in his cozy suite on the second floor. Seating himself at his desk, he writes the following letter to his sweetheart, who is away back there in merry England:

“BRITISH EMBASSY,
“ST. PETERSBURG, RUSSIA,
“December 15, 1907.

“Dearest Edith:

“When you receive this letter I may have passed away, and this letter, written by me on the eve of a duel, may be my last. As an Englishman and a man, I cannot but fight my man, and

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yet I was entirely to blame, and perhaps it were better that I perish on the field of honor than in some gambling hell over a brawl at cards. When I look back at what might have been, my very being is filled with distress—when I think of how dear old England's shores seem to me to-night, and how every thought of mine goes out to you. I have left a small packet of a few trinkets and things, which will be handed to you by the next King's courier in the event of my death. This is no time for mawkish sentiment, but all the love in my heart is yours, only yours. Learn to forget me—and marry some good fellow—some curate, and be happier than with poor me.

"Ever yours,

"REGINALD PEMBROKE."

Having concluded these lines, he threw himself on a lounge, to be called at an early hour by his valet.

On arriving, with Lord Hampton, at the vil-

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lage of Zemroff, they repaired to the lake, where, on a level piece of shore behind a network of bushes, they find, though wanting ten minutes to the appointed time, Prince Nicholas and Count Warsaw.

After marking off the ground, which was easily done in the carpet of snow, the men are placed, and they both await the signal from Count Warsaw, who would command "Fire!"

The Prince, one of the most deadly shots in Europe, awaited the command, and Lieutenant Pembroke, like a true Englishman, never moved a muscle.

At last the word is given and two reports ring out: the Englishman firing into the air, signifying he was in the wrong; the Russian aiming for his arm—just to wing him, as it were. The shot went through the fleshy part of Pembroke's forearm, causing great pain, but little danger, and both gentlemen, being satisfied, hurried with their seconds off the field. Lieutenant

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Pembroke obtained leave and hastened to the south of France to heal his wound; and the duel was the best thing that could have happened, for from there he was appointed to Constantinople and gave up his wild ways, and eventually married his fair Edith and became a power in the diplomatic service, though he ever after refused any appointment to the court of St. Petersburg.

CHAPTER V.

"His fear was greater than his haste;
For fear, though fleeter than the wind,
Believes 'tis always left behind."

—*S. Butler.*

Poor Fred Hoxley! We can imagine how he felt the next morning just before dawn, in a strange bed, and in a strange house. To say his back felt sore is drawing it mildly. The pain was a dull, dead feeling, and it flashed across his mind that, owing to his not revealing himself to the Socialists, they had taken some terrible revenge on him, and perhaps this was a mark so that others would kill him. He looked around as the day was breaking, and faint gleams of light stole in from the curtained windows. The room was of magnificent proportions; carpeted with heavy Turkey loom; large gilt mirrors adorned the walls; a *prie-dieu* and crucifix were in one corner, and lounges and chairs of luxurious make made up the furnishings. An enormous chandelier was suspended from the ceiling

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painted so as to resemble the sky, with fleecy clouds and angels flitting around. He could see at a glance he was in a palace. But what palace, and where?

He sprang out of bed and felt in the pockets of his clothes, which were scattered over one of the lounges. Yes, his money was there, and he counted it. Only eighty-nine rubles—hardly enough to get to England on the very cheapest expenditure. Dressing hastily, he tried the bedroom door. Locked! Yes, he was a prisoner. Going to the window, he drew aside the curtain and looked out. The palace was in a large park, which for landscape gardening and care would have rivaled the famous gardens of the Tuilleries in Paris. His window was on the second floor. A large portico extended over to one side from the farthest window, some six feet, but only about three feet below the window-sill, which, in the event of a jump, would be in his favor. He made the resolve, and, standing on the win-

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dow-sill, leaped over to the portico and slid down one of the pillars supporting it, to the ground. Free! free! but where should he go?

Taking a straight line, he dived into the snow-covered shrubbery and headed for the outside world.

It seemed to be hours of running and walking before he came to the walls surrounding the grounds, which he soon scaled, and found himself on a turnpike. After trudging along for an hour, he was overtaken by a farmer driving at a furious rate, whom he stopped, and bartered a ride; and very shortly the tall minarets of St. Petersburg came upon the scene, and as soon as possible he took the first train for the frontier, and then to London.

Arriving in London, he found himself at the Metropole without luggage or money. Fortunately, the management of the hotel knew him, and he at once cabled his father for money, and on the following day received one hundred

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pounds at the Bank of England. Now he at once wired to Liverpool and engaged berth on the *Umbria*, which sailed the following Thursday, or in two days' time.

Fred did not feel at rest until safely on board, started for America. The floating palace, with all steam up, it was rumored would try to break her record. The first day out he kept to his cabin, but the following morning, on emerging on the promenade deck, who should he espy but some Chicago people, a Mr. and Mrs. Hudson and their daughter Nip, whom he had met some time before at Devlin Lake, Wisconsin, where he had been taking a motor tour. Not wishing to meet any one, he was about to slink back into the companionway, when he was greeted by a hearty laugh from Mr. Hudson, who advanced with both arms outstretched, and he was soon shaking hands with Mrs. Hudson and the daughter, and one would have thought them life-

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long friends ; but this is the way our people do in strange lands or on board a boat.

Samuel V. Hudson was a self-made business man, whose ability and close application to business had won him a fortune. A man of little learning, perhaps ignorant of the classics and *belles-lettres*, but a sterling good fellow ; a hearty, honest friend and companion, enjoying the best in life ; and let us pay a tribute to this splendid, self-reliant character, for it was just such men who responded to the roll of the drum in 1776 and in the later wars for God and country, whichever side they thought best.

Mrs. Hudson, a large, robust woman, had come from the humble walks of life ; but with money she was fast learning the correct manner of taking things from the view-point of those of gentler birth, and that is, to take life as though a bore and view the same through a large pair of lorgnettes.

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The daughter, Nip Hudson, was one of those of God's creatures who at eighteen made men adore her, and old settled men of the world looked and sighed that they were not young enough to enter the race for her hand. She was only eighteen years old. A slight figure, straight as an arrow, just out from Miss Smith's School in Washington, and therefore trained in all the requirements of a lady. This was combined with her pretty face, great masses of auburn hair, and brown eyes that men in vain had tried to fathom, but always in looking had found danger, for surely this was the very lists of love of the little god Cupid.

Not knowing anyone else on board, we can fancy Fred making a pleasant addition to the party, and, after the ladies retired, he would spend many an hour with Papa Hudson in the luxurious smoking-room, chatting about different subjects, but principally the theme closest to the hearts of the American man, business.

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Now for a case of love, and we have it right here.

It would seem that the young fellow lost his heart the first day, and he, being a big, broad-shouldered fellow of the college stamp, naturally made an impression on the young lady. It was soon evident, not only to the parents, but to the other cabin passengers, that it was a bad case. Papa and Mamma Hudson could see no objection. The young fellow's father was a millionaire, and he was very rich. Surely this would be a match to suit all parties concerned.

On the fourth day out Fred took a favorable opportunity and popped the vital question, which was answered to his entire satisfaction.

Once they were lovers, he told her what had happened to him in St. Petersburg, what fears he entertained of being killed; and at the very thought of the same she would cling to his manly breast and comfort him with different suggestions. One was that he explain all to the local

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Socialists in Chicago, as in reality he had done no wrong. However, with all her ideas, he felt he must, for a time at least, keep under cover. Again he thought it might be the Russian Government's way of marking him, having heard in some manner that he was in sympathy with the Socialists.

This was not his first visit to Russia. Some two years before he had paid a visit, and had mingled with society, and, through the courtesy of Ivan Latherwich, had been shown the Russian police system, said by experts to be the greatest in the world.

The Hudsons were going to stay in New York for grand opera; so, after gaining the elder people's consent to the marriage, Fred made for the "Limited," and next day he was safely ensconced at his father's home, but did not say what had happened—only homesick for dear, old Chicago.

CHAPTER VI.

"She is pretty to walk with,
And witty to talk with,
And pleasant, too, to think on."

—*Sir T. Suckling.*

"Show the gentleman in, Uncle Zeb," said Slingsby, forgetting for a moment that he had met him during the World's Fair.

As soon as Ivan Latherwich entered, Slingsby at once recognized his old friend of World's Fair days. The Russian, true to his native custom, clasped him to his breast, imprinting a kiss on each cheek.

It did not take Ivan long to explain his strange mission, and to engage Slingsby to hunt the Human Note with him, and the salary of \$200 a month came, as it were, as a Godsend, knowing, as we do, of his misfortune.

They had a long chat, and Ivan reported that the hat found in the garden of the Prince's pal-

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ace was in his possession, and marked "Dunlap," "Fred Hoxley," "Chicago."

Ivan, who had stopped at the Auditorium, had his baggage moved out to Slingsby's and they resolved to make this the base of their operations. Uncle Zeb, with the assistance of a young Ethiopian, would furnish the commissary department.

Their arrangements would take some time. Ivan would have to visit a local bank and present a fat letter of credit, drawn by the Bank of St. Petersburg, open an account, and settle down to the campaign, as it was settled that Chicago should be the base of operations. They both arranged to start down town the following morning.

Slingsby, having been secretly in love for some time, resolved to explain to his sweetheart that he would not be able to see her for a time, on account of important business which would be of financial interest to him.

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Slingsby had been very steadfast for two years. And who was his divinity?

Taking a car, he was soon at the College of Physicians and Surgeons, and called at the nurses' residence. On his way over he tried to find some excuse to make for his future enforced absence, and it would have been very easy had Ivan not made him promise not to reveal anything about the hunt to anyone. He was seated in the cheerful parlor, but he knew she would come down already dressed in street costume, as others would need the parlor.

I think God must look down in special pity on those young people who do not have any place to do their love-making, except in a semi-public place.

A footstep is on the stairs, and his only star enters the room. One's first thought would be, "Just a slip of a girl," as she is slight and of fawn-like mold. The first thing you are attracted by her eyes—gray and true, that look at you as

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all the world; beautiful lamps lighting up the temple of a soul pure as the snow on some mount that peers away from its fellows up into the blush of dawn. Her hair is dark, and her face as pretty as a poem in the first flush of a poet's own conception. Though these two are not engaged, things are leading that way, and she rushes into the room like a bird and gives him a hearty welcome. As they stand there in the firelight conversing together, they make a pretty picture, he typifying everything manly and brave, and she crowned with that greatest blessing—womanliness—which crept around her like a beautiful aroma and would be with her through all time.

We do not describe clothes, but will say that Nellie Hamilton's clothes looked stunning, and in truth they were, as her father gave her plenty of money. Nursing had been her career—a young girl's whim—and her father had allowed her to take it up, with the idea that the life would be-

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come too monotonous, and she would again seek society's haunts.

The night is a cold, starry one, and they resolve to walk, as the air is fresh and bracing. In a few moments the conversation lags, and Nellie chides him for being so quiet. This is a good opportunity. They are walking along the deserted boulevard. "Nellie," said Slingsby, "I am going to speak to you about a subject that is dearer to me than anything else on earth. Before I met you, my heart had never been stirred by thoughts of woman, and my whole love—all the love I have ever known—has long ago been placed at your feet. I have gone past the stage of love, if it be possible. It is a mad adoration, divine worship for you, which thrills my very being, of such an exquisite love that without you the world is dead, even as the somber shadows of night would close around my earthly vision; and with thee, beloved, it is as if my thoughts were steeped with thy loved pres-

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ence, and as we would sail down the stream of life the fair vision of the garden of love would ever be before me, my senses perfumed with the sleepy, kingly lotus of the Nile and its golden chain of sands, calling out for happiness and for love. Think well, sweetheart, ere you give your answer."

Her answer came to him as an answer to his cry of love—one soft, sweet kiss from her perfumed mouth—and her answer was, she had loved him always.

That one kiss had sealed these two souls together for all time, and its echoes would be cheered at the court of Cupid as it went echoing down the everlasting epochs of time.

She loved him! Not for a day, an hour, but for all time, with that blind devotion of love that would lift Slingsby upward and onward, until he can hear the soft vibrations of the angels' harps—Love's young dream.

Slingsby, accepted, trudges along the streets

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with his little Juliet tucked under his arm. The world looks different to him now; the prosaic street looks like a lane covered with flowers, and perfumed with all the roses of fair France.

To tell her now that his visits would be far apart was a different matter. She loved him with perfect love, and she would believe him when he said it would be to their interest. He hinted of a lot of money he was about to make, and he was speaking of half the reward of fifty thousand rubles that Ivan had promised him when they found the Note.

And then, only too soon, they reach the Nurses' Home, and their leave-taking is too sacred to give any account of here; but it was the old, old story, the good-bye, and then another; the coming back just for another word, until the last fond adieus are spoken, and all is well.

CHAPTER VII.

"The atmosphere
Breathes rest and comfort, and the many chambers
Seem full of welcomes."

—*Longfellow.*

After a hearty breakfast, in Uncle Zeb's best style, Ivan and Slingsby repaired to Sam Hoxley's residence, and Slingsby was pleased to point out Fred Hoxley sitting at the window, as he knew him slightly, and Ivan was surprised and delighted to know that the hunt would be over so soon, and he would get the reputation of being the greatest policeman, to have obtained his object in such a short period. However, as they came up the front walk, Fred, who was looking out of the window, saw the two approaching. Ivan Latherwich was known to Fred, as some two years before he was pointed out as chief of the Russian police. He also knew Slingsby as a young newspaper man, and, putting two and

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two together, it flashed across his mind that the Russian was after him in some way, on behalf of the Russian Government. There was no time to lose, and, hastily grabbing his hat and telling the servant he was not at home, he shot out of the back door and disappeared up a back alley in the rear of the house.

Ivan and Slingsby grew quite indignant at the reply of the servant, who told them Fred was not at home, but could go no further; so they went to a drug store and telephoned, and received the reply that Mr. Fred Hoxley had just left the house. On regaining the "Loop" district, they lunched at Rector's, and Ivan could not help but admire the excellent cooking and service of restaurants, in comparison with his own in St. Petersburg.

A visit to a national bank struck Ivan with delight; that business should be transacted with such courtesy and dispatch was indeed a novelty to him; and how the paying teller cashed his

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check with just one eagle look at the signature was a revelation as to how business was transacted in this country.

It was now about two p. m., and, calling up the Hoxley residence, they learned that Mr. Fred Hoxley has sent for a "grip" of clothes, and would be absent from home for some days.

So near, and yet so far.

Evidently the Note had taken alarm and gone away. But where? In talking the matter over, they decided he had gone into hiding in the city.

The Russian told Slingsby that where crimes were committed in large cities, the criminals seldom leave the city, and in London, England, murderers have been known to live for years within a block or so of where their crime was committed. It gave them both much comfort to feel that they were on the right track, had both viewed their man, and that it would only be a question of days before they ran him down.

The Russian had remembered some of the

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tall buildings he had seen during the World's Fair, such as the Monadnock and Masonic Temple, but he was more than surprised to see how many sky-scrappers had gone up, turning the business districts into great black caverns—unartistic, it is true, but great for business, and business is the popular slogan of the day in Chicago.

Ivan had to purchase some wearing apparel, and several hours were consumed, as the Russian had some foreign ideas as to fit, etc., that had to be strictly adhered to.

Slingsby met numerous friends, to whom he introduced Ivan; one in particular, a Mr. Robert Hamilton, whom they met in his office on La Salle Street. Here he introduced them to a Mrs. Jarvis, who was waiting to go to luncheon with Mr. Hamilton; and Ivan was much taken with this lady, who spoke in loud tones, and whose peroxide hair and loud manners proclaimed her a denizen of the under world. Slingsby wondered what pleasure this well-bred gentleman of per-

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fect taste could see in the society of women of Mrs. Jarvis' stripe; but if he had been a closer student of the world, he would have known that sometimes a cultured and refined man likes to throw off all trammels and red tape and become a savage in ways, action, and speech.

Slingsby had previously put up a small wheat deal, and was much encouraged to hear his deal was progressing well, and it looked like one dollar wheat.

Ivan had made many a deal on the Bourse, as the Exchange was called in his country, and was pleased to meet with a first-class broker to engineer his deals while in this country.

As they left Mr. Hamilton's office they almost ran into a Mr. Pullman Gillett, who was coming in. On being introduced, Gillett took up the conversation in perfect French, and the Russian was charmed to find that Gillett knew Europe thoroughly, and that he had spent about six months

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in Russia, some time in Moscow and also in St. Petersburg.

On arriving home the Russian was most enthusiastic about Chicago, and pleased to have met such charming people.

Slingsby promised to introduce Ivan to the Mayor the following day, and also to other officials of the city, and, well satisfied with his first day's work, the Russian retired, to sleep under the protection of the Stars and Stripes and dream of his great, almost unknown country, Siberia, and dreamed he was marching single file on the frozen road. And in official life, in a country full of intrigue, this might happen at any time.

CHAPTER VIII.

"Together let us beat this ample field,
Try what the open, what the covert yield."

—*A. Pope.*

And now for the hunt. Ivan and Slingsby took in every possible place of amusement, such as theaters, summer gardens, etc., in the chance of seeing Fred Hoxley, as he had not been seen at his father's residence for days, and they felt he was around the great city. If they could only see him, so as to explain the situation, and apologize for using his back, they felt he would agree to come to St. Petersburg and allow the bank to cancel him. Why did he try to make his escape from them? or from whom was he hiding? were questions they each turned over very often during the day and far into the night.

After keeping a sharp lookout for him, one night they finally saw him in the distance. It was at Bismarck Garden. They had just ordered

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dinner, which, after a time, made its appearance, when Ivan sprang to his feet and pointed, saying, "There, there he is!" Up they sprang and rushed over to the opposite side of the garden. Fred, who had come in to listen to the music, saw the Russian trying to dash through the innumerable little tables intervening, and, knowing him, grabbed his hat and filed out on the School Street entrance, jumped into a cab, and by the time the Russian reached the street, followed closely by Slingsby, he had made his escape. It took them some moments to explain to the suave manager their hasty exit, and some notes to pay for the broken dishes, etc.

Ordering another dinner, they rejoiced that their man was in Chicago, and surely they would get him shortly.

That night they stopped at a telegraph office and sent the following cable to the Prince:

"Man found in Chicago. Will have him in time."

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A few days later they perceived their man about to take the elevator in Marshall Field's. Ivan dashed along, but the place, as usual, was crowded. When he reached the elevator, Fred Hoxley had taken the prior one up; and, not getting off at the same floor, he lost him completely, so enormous is this great mart.

Nothing was seen of the Note to their knowledge until three weeks later, when one day we find him walking along North Rush Street. Now it is a well-known fact that almost everyone has his double, and Fred Hoxley had his in no less a personage than the Rev. C. F. Wilbur, one of the curates of the fashionable Trinity Church. They looked exactly alike, and both Ivan and Slingsby nearly fainted with delight to see their object approaching at a rapid gait, for the reverend gentleman had many parish calls this fine morning. "Ivan," said Slingsby, "perhaps this is a disguise; let us not call him by his right name, but pretend we do not know him." Ivan

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consented, and noticing an open doorway leading up to what were really some vacant flats, and, trained to deception, said as he came up: "My dear sir, we perceive by your dress you are a clergyman. A poor woman lies ill up here, and is crying out for some minister to pray for her. May we have your services?"

"Why, with pleasure," said the reverend gentleman, following the reporter and policeman.

The Russian had produced a handkerchief, and, as the reverend gentleman was taken by surprise, they gagged him in a minute, Slingsby holding his arms from behind with his knee in the back—a fine trick used by the Russians and taught him by Ivan. An old piece of rope lying in the hallway was pressed into service, and, having secured his feet, they pulled out a pair of scissors, carried by Ivan at all times, and cut a great circular hole out of his coat, then his shirt, and lastly his undershirt, when his back was ex-

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posed. "The devil!" uttered the Russian between his teeth, for, in truth, his back had no marks whatever. Leaving him gagged, they hastily made their exit, and at five o'clock they heard the newsboys crying, "Extra! Extra! All about the North Side clergyman!"

Buying a paper, they read great headlines:

"CLERGYMAN LEFT FOR DEAD!

"The Rev. C. F. Wilbur, assistant curate of Trinity Church, while making some morning calls, was inveigled into the hallway at No. 220 North Rush Street by two well-dressed men, under the pretext of seeing a dying woman, and there thrown down, gagged, and a strange circular hole cut from the back of his clerical garment, exposing his skin. Then they left. What the motive was the Rev. Wilbur is at a loss to understand or explain. It could not have been robbery, as he had a valuable gold watch and a

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lot of money, some \$200 (funds of St. Agnes' Guild), all of which was not touched. The matter has been placed in Chief Shippy's hands, and it is thought the mystery will be unraveled."

CHAPTER IX.

“Know then thyself, presume not God to scan;
The proper study of mankind is man.”

—*A. Pope.*

Nellie Hamilton had many devoted admirers in the brief career she had in society before going as a nurse. We will now mention, among the most devoted of all, Frank Gillett, or we will call him for this story Pullman Gillett, for it is by this name he is known to all his intimate friends. As a young boy he had been a prodigious sleeper, and the name “Pullman,” given to him at a boys’ school in Wisconsin, had stuck to him through school and college; in fact, he had been called it so long that loads of his friends thought it was his real name. Pullman would belie the thought that his father was a great railroad king, and wealthy, and, like other rich men’s sons, he should have been of ordinary intellect; but not so, he was clever. His great bent was engineer-

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ing, and had he been a poor man, he would have become rich, for even at the age of twenty-four, when he makes his bow to us, he has had the distinction of inventing several valuable ideas, as applied to his pet scheme. A car-coupler is at the present time called by his name.

During Nellie's society days he had paid a steady court, hoping against hope to win her, and one Thanksgiving Day dance at the Country Club he had received his *cousin*, and the promise of being a sister to him.

Tall and spare, of ungainly shape, and a perhaps too prominent nose, yet his smile is sweet and his eyes true blue, and he is a finished man of the world in refining and breeding.

Contrary to the whispers of the match-making mammas, he never really got over his attachment, and kept on loving her truly and well. Some men—yes, most men—only love once, and there is many a staid old married man whose heart beats stronger at the thought of some little

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fairy with violet eyes and sylphlike form who haunts the memory of his past.

Little do some women think who have lost the first blush of fair womanhood, when scolding their husband in a rasping tone, that perhaps they are sizing them up, and thinking of some soft-voiced fairy who had at some period danced in the moonlight of their lives, and then out into the darker shadows, never to see them more.

Pullman Gillett had taken a special interest in airships, and lately he had had the pleasure of meeting Santos Dumont, that daring pioneer, who was going before to teach us one day to sail up into the air and flirt with the fleecy clouds. Pullman, with the real genius of an engineer, had for the past four years been experimenting on a distant relative's farm in Indiana, not many miles from Hammond. The outside people could only perceive an enormous shed or barn, too large for farm purposes, without windows; but

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if they could peep into the top, through skylights, they would perceive a long airship, some three hundred feet long, shaped like a cigar, and hundreds of men working under an experienced foreman, Pullman in his element, in overalls and coarse shirt, with plans, directing his project, which was fast being completed, and the first favorable night a trial would take place. Of the latter he had few fears. Calculated as to lifting weight to the hundredth part of a decimal, the great body had already strained at its moorings when a trial of the electric machinery had been made. Finally the trial trip had been made, on a dark night. The great doors swung open and the airship floated from its moorings. Pullman, pale but confident, steering from the aft, with five picked men from the crew to work the machinery. The airship would accommodate nine persons, and the difference in weight was made up in ballast.

The whole ship was constructed out of alumini-

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num and gutta-percha, light and strong, and the motors were of enormous horse-power, answering every pressure of the wheel, light and buoyant. Gleaming with electric light from every porthole, the aluminium burnished like silver, we can imagine what a beautiful picture it made. Pullman, with a trusty friend, an engineer, in the wheel-house, signaled the engineer, "More speed," and, rising high in the air, shot in a northern course for dear old Chicago. The vibrating of the machine and the delicate instruments registered great speed, and it seemed but a short time before they were directly over the Masonic Temple in Chicago, which rose at their feet, as it were, far above the adjacent buildings. The engineer uttered an exclamation; the instrument registered a speed of one hundred miles per hour, and only one of the enormous dynamos had been placed in commission.

After a few times around Lincoln Park to

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test the steering apparatus, they looked at their watches and headed for home.

The giant airship fluttered like a great bird into its moorings, after only having been gone two hours. Tears streamed down Pullman's face; also Hackett's, the engineer. They were by no means babies, but they felt that one other triumph of man over the elements, with the sanction of Him that rules all things, had been born into the world.

Hastily getting into his high White Steamer, they both headed for the Metropole, where they stayed.

Pullman, reading his *Tribune* the next morning, was not astonished to see in large headlines,

“BIRD OR AIRSHIP?”

and found an account of a large, strange body that hovered over the Masonic Temple, and was watched for nearly an hour. The night editor had looked with some disdain at the hasty

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article, until, going to the window on the top floor of the Tribune Building, he saw the apparition—bird or airship—disappearing in the distance.

The reporter had been having a few high balls, but the night editor was now ready to bear out the story, and people read the article with interest, knowing the conservative policy of the *Tribune*. Had it been some other papers, well—they see airships and presidential possibilities every night.

CHAPTER X.

"Yet, where an equal poise of hope and fear
Does arbitrate the event, my nature is
That I incline to hope rather than fear,
And gladly banish squint suspicion."

—*Milton.*

Sam Hoxley, father of our Human Note, Fred Hoxley, thought it strange that his boy should have paid such a short visit home after his trip to Europe.

It is true he knew Fred, with his college education and society manners, did not seek his father's society more than was absolutely necessary, like thousands of young men who go to college and learn something of the behavior of gentlemen and go home to see the rough, uncouth cut of the parent. Wheels within wheels. For does not the man who is to the manor born and has had refined forebears for generations equally despise the upstart who would only have to go back a generation to find his grandfather

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a yokel of the meanest description or the lowest of the common herd?

Sam Hoxley had a great awe of his own son. When they dined at home in state, as it were, he listened like a school-boy, and Fred had enough of the cad in him to feel, when he looked at his red-faced, humble progenitor, that though he might have money, he could only creep into society by the back door, and then only invited to some functions—not all those delightful little affairs to which only those of the inner circle are invited.

On the morning after Fred's leaving the house, he called up his carriage, and was soon in his palatial offices on West — Street. The great house of Hoxley & Co. could have run along almost as well without the head, as his selection of a general manager and official force had been very lucky indeed, and to sign some paper or attend a bank meeting was about the extent of his duties, his own personal bank ac-

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count giving him enough work to keep him busy balancing it. He was very poor at figures and ashamed to ask his \$10,000 general manager or some other employee for assistance.

His private office was furnished with the sumptuousness that Chicago offices are famous for. Hardly had he seated himself when his personal stenographer, Jenkins, put in his appearance. Jenkins, a tall slim youth, awaited notebook in hand to take down what letters Mr. Hoxley would have. If he had written them verbatim, they would have surprised the business world; but not so, for Jenkins' letters came back conveying the same meaning, but put in nervous, terse English, and Hoxley, who wrote a very respectable signature, passed in the business community as a first-class correspondent. How many men who read these lines will have been in the same boat, or have a Jenkins clever enough to deceive the world at large?

After giving a few letters, he examined his

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mail, bills, circulars, and one or two private letters, and one, written in a poor hand on an old piece of brown paper, he read as follows:

"Dear Sir:

"If you hold any respect for this life, come to the corner of Fourteenth and Newberry Avenue at ten o'clock. Hold a white handkerchief in right hand. This is no robbery, so you need not bring any money; we only want to question you.
(Signed) "COMMITTEE."

Musing to himself what they wanted of him, he resolved to keep the appointment, and, five minutes before the time, he is at the corner.

Four men instantly appear from a dark alley and without a word escort him into the wine-room of a neighboring saloon. In the dimly lighted street he does not like the appearance of the men, and his views are by no means changed by the dim oil lamp in the saloon. One with red hair and beady eyes says, "Where is Fred Hoxley, your son?"

Sam Hoxley told them in as few words as possible that he had come home, but only stayed

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a short time, and he did not know where he was at present, and hoped they wished him no harm, as he was all he had in the world and life would be void without him.

"Fear not," said he of the red hair; "we love him as a brother. No harm shall come to him, but we want to get into communication with him at once. And if we ring you up personally at your office or home, you will give us all information, will you not?"

Old Sam Hoxley thought it was strange that his son should have friends of such a rough character, but promised. Going into the saloon, he treated the party and left with hand-shakes and good wishes. They put him on his car, and he wondered, as he reached his house, if his son was going crazy, to have such friends. Surely this was coming down the scale in social circles. Or were they a lot of society men dressed up to play a joke on his boy through his instrumentality? Locking his bedroom door carefully, he

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pulled off his top boots (he had always worn the top boots) and proceeded to a small commode, which he unlocked and drew therefrom blacking and brushes, and, throwing off his coat, went to work on his boots. Hour after hour he worked until every part of the boots shone again and again—his only manual labor. And how the millionaire loved his little commode with his blacking outfit!—back to the work of his father, who had been a bootblack in New York, water-rat, and finally a fisherman. Ah! so true the saying is, "*Similia similibus.*"

CHAPTER XI.

"Who has not felt how sadly sweet
The dream of home, the dream of home,
Steals o'er the heart, too soon to fleet."

—*Moore.*

Robert Hamilton, late president of the Board of Trade, was, as this position would imply, a successful man, but by nature a cold, hard man, asking no mercy or consideration of his neighbors, and demanding none.

The Hamilton home on Lake Shore Drive, though surrounded with every evidence of means and wealth, lacked that truest corner-stone of all happy homes, love and affection. If Robert Hamilton had ever loved his wife, the fair society belle, Irene Kippen, of Baltimore, he never showed it to the outside world, and this lady, after presenting him with two daughters, was laid away in Graceland the fourth year after her marriage.

The little girls grew up without the kind and

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gentle influence of a dear mother. Governesses taught them the usual lessons and deportment, but the care and affection of a mother was unknown to these girls, who are now grown.

Nellie Hamilton, the older, as we have read in a previous chapter, had been a nurse for about two years, and the other sister, Celia, had disappeared from home about the same time, all on account of an austere parent, who had made home unbearable.

It is our mission to follow Celia, so I will say that, with the exception of two of her plainest dresses and a few little articles, she took nothing, being too proud to ask for more, and with the mad desire to make her own living.

As a young girl, she had written some short stories, which, owing to her father's wealth and position, had been accepted and published.

The world is a hard place at best. But what must it be to this young, delicate maiden of just eighteen, whose beauty and winsomeness at-

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tract attention wherever she goes? At once she moved into a cheap boarding-house, where, for the paltry sum of \$5 a week, she was able to get room and board. Dear reader, the writer hopes you have been spared the pain of ever viewing a boarding-house of this caliber, far less to have had to live in one.

The first night at dinner was a revelation to this girl, who had been reared in an atmosphere of wealth and comfort. Her room was a wretched little chamber on the third floor, with an iron bed, or, rather, what might be called one. The linen had lost the first blush of the laundry; the carpet was thick with dirt; and the view from the window, looking into dilapidated back yards, was not entrancing. The dinner—God save the mark! Oh, the pity of it, that young men and women have to exist on what butchers throw away, and vegetables whose only merit in the eyes of the retailer has been to dispose of them quickly! To dwell longer on this type of board-

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ing-house is unnecessary; but I will add that the tables were surrounded with the usual types, young men with their hair plastered down on heads which would have done honor to old Oliver Cromwell, and the giggling salesladies—with a strong accent on the last syllable—and the party is complete.

As might have been imagined, Celia did not take a lively part in the conversation, which consisted of a running tirade on some head of a firm or floor-walker, or some “swell” dance. How popular that word “swell” is with a certain class.

With the exception of a short walk to Lincoln Park each morning, Celia kept to her room and worked faithfully on her novel, “Gerald Sinclair.” As a daughter of Robert Hamilton, the millionaire, she would not have had any difficulty in finding a publisher; but, sending her stories in under a *nom-de-plume*, it was a difficult matter indeed, and time after time poor Celia had her

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manuscript returned, with the usual formal note from the publisher, "Very sorry," etc.

Robert Hamilton had not even taken the trouble to trace his young daughter, and her slender stock of pocket-money was running short, adding a new source of danger to this fair, young, innocent girl, in the most wicked city in the world. No friends, miserably fed, the young girl was almost on the point of returning home, when a peculiar thing happened.

The house was of such a cheap, shabby character they did not even furnish matches, and one evening, about eight o'clock, Celia hurried to a nearby grocery to purchase some, and on returning, as she was passing a dark alley, a man sprang from the darkness and clutched at a valuable brooch the young girl wore at her throat. The girl sank back in horror, right into the arms of a young man in evening dress, who, catching her with his left arm, delivered the thief a tremendous right-hander, knocking him down.

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Reassuring the young girl, she looked up into two steady blue eyes, and expressed her thanks to her deliverer, who, she noted, was a man of her class. They had some conversation, and he conducted her to her nearby residence, and she quite lost her heart to this quiet, refined man of the world, whose kindness and gentleness made him the most dangerous *roué* in Chicago. On leaving he had obtained permission to call the following evening, on a pretense of letting her read some of his poetry, the conversation having run on literary topics. At the end of the street he signalled his chauffeur. As a matter of fact, this girl's face and figure had attracted him several times as he had passed her coming to and from the park, and, lighting his cigarette, he congratulated himself on such an easy introduction to the fair woman.

Celia, on regaining her room, looked at the conventional pâteboard he had given her, and

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read engraved thereon, "Pullman Gillett, Chicago Club."

To have been in conversation again with a man of her own sort seemed to have been a direct appeal to her better self, her finer nature; as it were, "a call of the blood." A chamber in an old ivy-mantled tower would have been a more appropriate place for a young girl to have felt the first pangs of love, but the pangs were there just the same. Celia, her life lonely, with no bright beams to lighten her horizon, was in the mood, and, lighting the one solitary gas-burner, sat down on her one chair and was lost in thought. Of a romantic nature and on the very threshold of life, she yearned for the love of a sweetheart—something to come into her life, to make her days a thing of delight, of joy, of beauty. She had received, as it were, a call to enter the fair gardens of courtship, and the little god Cupid seemed to sit, like the raven "perched above her chamber door."

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In introducing herself she had given the name of Alice Shepherd, and this false step was already regretted by her. She gazed at the one picture hanging on the wall, a girl sitting in a boat, and called "Alone." How it seemed to suit her case in the past! but now, drifting into her life came a knight, filling her very being with thankfulness that she lived and breathed. She opened her little jewel-case, and, crushing his card to her lips, murmured "Darling!" and then locked the card up, and looking into the wretched glass, she was surprised to find herself blushing. Hastily dressing, she was soon trying to seek dream-land. The lights from the city lamps beamed faintly into her window, and one great shadow over the bed looked as though it would fall and crush her, and if those who loved her could have known, they would have cried aloud to the Omnipotent One to do so, ere this dear child of innocence and purity went farther in this wick-

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ed world. To make herself sleep, she repeated hymns, and as she was saying,

“My God, my Father, ere I stray,
Teach me with all my heart to say,
Thy will be done,”

she fell asleep.

CHAPTER XII.

"No adulation; 't is the death of virtue;
Who flatters, is of all mankind the lowest
Save he who courts the flattery."

—*H. More.*

Pullman Gillett was a versatile man, of great ability as an engineer, fond of society and a brilliant musician. As to his morals—his name had been connected with a number of society scandals that time alone would heal.

It was more than a passing fancy that Gillett felt for Miss Shepherd, and it was with feelings of delight he called at the shabby boarding-house the following evening.

The boarding-house really boasted of a parlor, but it served as a bedroom for the red-nosed griffin who kept the place. Gillett examined the room with critical eyes. Shabby furniture; a hideous diploma on the wall, a certificate of the death of a brother or relative; a terrible thing

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to magnify photos which God knows did not need any magnifying; portraits on the walls of some male relatives—usually something in crayon—with staring eyes, and collar and tie as if drawn with a rule; a piano of ancient date, with a lot of rag-time music (chiefly premiums of magazines and yellow newspapers); a few sea-shells on the one mantel, with small portions of the big daily newspapers where the boarders left them.

Gillett felt the girl was entirely out of place in these quarters, and, if he had had any doubt of it, it was dispelled when she entered, dressed in a tailor-made that fitted her figure to perfection. She was without ornaments, save a magnificent old Persian gold-chased bangle, of the period of Eros. They were soon engaged in conversation of little trivial things, but happiness reigned in both their hearts. He had seldom felt as happy. She was in her seventh heaven. Is it a wonder she could not refuse when he proposed a little

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jaunt over to the park? It was in the spring-time, the weather warm enough for the boarders to occupy the front stairways, dotted around on shabby pieces of carpet, to be driven in at an early hour. The hours kept by this community should have been both healthy and wise, but it really made them weaker and poorer.

There was just enough element of sadness in Gillett's composition to make him very interesting. He was not forward; his tones were low and well modulated. Celia had heard of him in society as a man much loved by women, but with few men friends; she had heard him spoken of as a *roué*, a dangerous man—all of which only fired her young blood in his behalf. For what woman does not rather cling to the villain than the Bible-class student?

Their walk was delightful. Like a man of the world, he found what her hobby was, and the book was the principal theme. Of course, he had a friend who would launch it, and that very

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evening the precious manuscript was given over to him, with permission to call again. The following Sunday he brought the welcome news that Smith & Co. would publish the story on a royalty basis, and they wished to proffer \$100 on the account.

Poor little Celia! Her experience with publishers was limited. How little she knew that these men were like the vulture—neither game bird nor domestic.

The millionaire had simply paid for the publication of the book, and the girl was already the recipient of his bounty.

So the days slipped merrily by, and when, a month later, he slipped her own book into her lap, with another check for \$100, her joy and gratitude simply knew no bounds. When he asked to take her to dinner, to celebrate the event, the following Thursday evening, she gladly accepted, and no happier girl could be found in Chicago. That evening she was dressed in a tailor-made, the

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same shade of her sparkling eyes, and a great bouquet of violets—a present from Gillett—was pinned on her bosom. No man could have been ashamed of such a dainty little fairy.

Of course, eating was a secondary consideration, but, dear reader, place yourself on boarding-house fare, and then have a delicious dinner in a private dining-room, in the best restaurant in the city, and everything will taste good, from the luscious blue points to the Chartreuse. How sweet and attentive Gillett was to her! It would seem he was trying to anticipate her every want, to gratify her every wish.

In after years, the memory of that night came back to this girl again and again.

The strains of the orchestra in the main café, the seductive taste of the champagne, frappéd to her taste, and the blue eyes of the handsome man, all seemed to steal into the very heart of this young girl.

When coffee was served, and the well-trained

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servant withdrew, the wine had done its work. She was telling Gillett of her ambitions, her struggles, and some of the privations she was now enduring, and, though hinting of the one time when she was wealthy, not telling her real name nor who was her father. With her pretty cheeks flushed, her eyes at times flashing with anger, or growing tender and sweet as autumn moonlight, bathed in sapphire streams, she talked on, Gillett every moment gaining her confidence and esteem.

What a difference Celia found in her life since Pullman had come into it! What merry times they had together! The big red auto standing in front of the boarding-house became a familiar sight in the neighborhood. What splendid rides, dashing through Lincoln Park, out along Sheridan Road for an impromptu lunch at the Bismarck or some road-house! What a pleasure to once more go to the theater! What priceless treasures can Chicago pour out at the feet of two

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young lovers when they have health, spirits, and, above all, the money to gratify all whims and caprices.

Perhaps Celia enjoyed as much as anything the early morning rides, starting as early as five, just at the dawn of day. They would shoot through the streets, fearless of the policemen at this hour, then out on the lake shore to watch the rising of the sun. Muffled in wraps, for the mornings were still chilly, they would watch the lake, where it grew gradually lighter, when a great ball of beaten gold would appear, as if to flirt with the placid waters of an inland sea; to beat its sunbeams in windows to remind the great sleeping population that another day had been ticked off on Father Time's note-book, and they must away and give battle in the surging mass of humanity for home and little ones—yes, for daily bread.

One morning as they flew through the crisp air, Celia, who had slept little the night before,

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grew drowsy and she sank back on the seat and slept. When she awakened, her head was on Gillett's shoulder, and his two laughing eyes looked into hers as he said, "You have slept two hours, and I claim a forfeit!" As he said this, he kissed her lips, and somehow she made no objection, but returned the kiss with one of its kind, and she now realized that Pullman was the only man she would ever love in this world.

CHAPTER XIII.

"My latest found,
Heaven's last best gift, my ever new delight."

—*Milton.*

Where was Fred Hoxley all this time?

After leaving his father's house that morning Ivan Latherwich and Slingsby had paid him a visit, he thought it best to go into hiding, believing the Russian Government was after him. He decided, however, to stay in Chicago, for he knew that one could hide with ease in a great city and that, once leaving, one's movements are easily traced.

Telling the servants he was leaving the city for a few days, he had them send a suit-case, with a few necessary articles of clothing, to a down-town hotel, and, proceeding to the South Side, took up his abode in a room at Forty-third Street and St. Lawrence Avenue.

The Hudsons lived close by on Drexel Boulevard, in a lovely home, celebrated for its beautiful

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grounds, and Hoxley now spent his entire time in the pleasant occupation of courting.

Sam Hudson gave the boy a splendid welcome, and what more could any young engaged couple desire? Lovely gardens, flowers, and Chicago's spring weather to weld little Cupid's fetters closer around them.

Fred told the fair Nip that he had quarreled with his father, and for a time, at least, would occupy his present quarters, so as to be near her, and he had great fun describing his poorly furnished room and the conversation he had with his landlady—a widow, relict of a butcher—who had already begun to set her cap for him.

They were very fond of motoring, and Sam Hudson had three cars, all of late pattern, and the young people made an auto ride a feature of each day, and Fred acted as chauffeur, or Bordeaux, Mr. Hudson's French chauffeur, drove them. He was a dare-devil driver, and one day proved his reputation while driving at a furious

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speed along Ashland Boulevard on the West Side. A wheel broke, throwing the auto on its side, and the occupants were pitched head first on the grass-plot beside the curb. All escaped with a few minor injuries, excepting Fred, whose arm struck the curbing, giving him great pain and causing him to faint.

The emergency patrol soon carted him to the College of Physicians and Surgeons, where he was placed in charge of the house physician, Dr. Whitehead, and assigned to Miss Nellie Hamilton, as nurse.

After making a careful examination for broken bones, they found, beside a broken arm and bruises, little damage was done; but they were more than surprised to find the most peculiar characters, evidently in some foreign language, tattooed on his back. "This is quite a common occurrence among foreign sailors," said Dr. Whitehead to the small bevy of nurses who wished to see this curious sight.

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Now this was a direct falsehood on the Doctor's part, but then the Doctor had been in Europe, and it would make him familiar with such things. So it is with the world—bluff and lying make us knowing fellows.

In a few hours' time Fred called a carriage and left the hospital, returning to his quarters, where he was deluged with notes and telephone calls from his fair one, asking after his welfare. He was so much better he was able to go to the Hudsons' that night for dinner, and afterwards, on the veranda, he learned to embrace his dear one with his left arm, his right being injured.

And so their lives went on, the usual prosaic life of hundreds of young couples who have never felt and never will feel the great, tender beats of true love, of which few are called to partake, and from whose crystal goblet few ever drink.

These two would have a grand wedding in time—horses, carriages, jewels, everything that

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money could buy—but, perchance, never taste of the very essence of love.

Does the laborer, of no culture or refinement, ever feel the exquisite pangs of love as felt by, say, the troubadour as he crushes beneath his cloak the flower that his lady-love has thrown him from yonder ivy-mantled tower? Yea, with very true love our souls are put up at auction. The look of the true lover is steadfast. Sweet thoughts steal away his senses; the world looks better to him; he sees everything with rose glasses; and his sole desire in life is to carve out a niche in the highest pinnacle of fame.

In the days of knighthood Fred Hoxley would have been decidedly a success. In suit of armor, with a gaily caparisoned horse, as a doughty squire, he would have made the welkin ring, and would have won with his strong sword many a fair lady, and drank deeply of many a tankard of wassail, for the good old times, when the strong arm wins in the game of love.

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Fred experienced some trouble with his arm, but Nip made a splendid nurse. And what, indeed, could be more fortunate than to have such a winsome, dainty little body to think and act for him? He now resolved, under her gentle persuasion, to go and see the old comrades on Newberry Avenue as soon as his arm got well. Fred was just beginning to be able to read Nip's nature, her every thought. She was lit up with the golden sunlight of love. He was her king, crowned with that crown of love rarely given to a man, but, when once given, the most tender, glorious gift of all; to hold forever, to wear as the grandest symbol of immortal love.

Not always beauty, but the eye that looks into eye when two souls burst out into one grand, joyous strain of harmony, that, if they live it in their daily life, will bring them upward and nearer to a perfect life, until they can almost hear the rustle of the angels' wings and hear those lasting strains of glorified music o'er the

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purple hills, where the daylight flashes and the shadows flee away.

The writer longs to hover around these young lovers. It calls to his mind those days of long ago when his heart beat with his first love-affair, until it glows with the peaceful light forever in his present life, and wife, who strokes his hair as he writes these lines and whose sweet smile and confidence would make him realize that true, trustful love, such as hers, is a crown indeed for any man. Let us pause again and pay a tribute to her sweet ways and gentleness, and may our only separation be when we close our eyes on this world, and may we be reunited on the other shore, and, when Charon rows in over the River Styx, let her be the first one on the other side to hold out the arms of welcome.

Live on, my sweetheart, my wife, for years my chum, companion, friend and all, and as the gray hairs come to your sweet flower of a head, we will welcome them one by one; little silver

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strands, as it were, to bind our love closer and closer, until we are called to awake in the land of peace and love.

“If we could know
Which of us, darling, would be first to go;
Which would be first to breast the swelling tide,
And step alone upon the other side.

“If it were you,
Should I walk softly, keeping death in view?
Should I my love to you more oft express?
Or should I grieve you, darling, any less—
If it were you?

“If it were I,
Should I improve the moments slipping by?
Should I more closely follow God’s great plan,
Be filled with sweeter charity to man—
If it were I?

“If we could know.
We cannot, darling; and ‘tis better so.
I should forget, just as I do to-day,
And walk along the same old stumbling way,
If I could know.

“I would not know
Which of us, darling, will be first to go.
I only wish the space may not be long
Between the parting and the greeting song.
But when, or how, or where we’re called to go,
I would not know.”

CHAPTER XIV.

"Champing his foam, and bounding o'er the plain,
Arch his high neck, and graceful spread his mane."

—*Sir R. Blackmore.*

Derby Day in Chicago.

Everyone is race-mad—the one day in the dear old days when everyone, man, woman and child, who could, attended the races in Washington Park.

Staid business men, who never attended any other race during the year, looked wise and talked of the favorite.

Bluebells, a Kentucky horse, had come with a large following, and looked like a sure winner, though Waddel, an Eastern horse, was being backed to a standstill by the talent.

The morning of the Derby broke fair and warm, and in a spick and span dog-cart Robert Hamilton drove rapidly to his office, and emerged an hour later in a complete change of dress,

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The somber business suit had given way to a light gray suit of Prince Albert cut, a jaunty top hat of gray, white spats, flower in button-hole, and field-glasses over shoulder. This, with his florid complexion and rabbit-like whiskers, stamped him as a representative sport.

Taking the reins, he drove over to the West Side, and called for a very much overdressed woman, who called him "Bob" in loud tones; and Dick, his sleek coachman, wondered not, as he had seen many more of her ilk basking in his master's smiles.

They soon reached Washington Boulevard, and joined the procession, all headed for what was once the greatest race-track in this country.

There had been a heavy rain over night, and the wise ones reported a heavy track, and those who had backed Bluebells, the favorite, hoped to hedge on a mud horse, but one had not been picked out so far. The day was perfect. Thousands of people viewed the glittering pageant of

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turn-outs from every possible point that they could obtain a view. Celia, who had confessed her real name to Pullman, occupied a seat in his victoria, which was drawn by two superb chestnuts, which had taken blue ribbons at the last horse show.

We can imagine how Pullman had felt on learning that Celia was none other than the sister of the woman he had loved so well and truly. As he lay back in the luxurious victoria he could notice a hundred little ways that reminded him of Nellie, and he realized that Celia—the vivacious little beauty—was growing very dear to him. As they drew near the gates of the park, Pullman remembered with a start that he had backed the favorite heavily, and as soon as he could leave Celia in the box, he went away to the ring to hedge.

What a magnificent panorama it made from the grand stand! what a pushing, good-natured

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crowd it was! the stand, the paddock, all packed like sardines.

One by one the horses were brought out to the applauding mob, and sent to the post, carrying with them the hopes and money of that great howling multitude.

And now, at last, the Derby!

Just prior to this race, Pullman had gone to the paddock to view the horses, and found twenty-two entries for this classic event. In the paddock, Pullman met his old friend, Robert Hamilton, and together they looked around for a suitable mud horse. Their attention was called by a tout to a horse called Mirambo, a great, ungainly-looking beast, more fitted to pull a load of coal, but to the wise, the correct dope for a heavy track.

This was in both men's mind, and they hurried over to place their bets before the bell should ring. As they ran to the betting-ring, Pullman invited Mr. Hamilton to dine with him at the

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Annex that evening at seven, and thought it would be a pleasant surprise for Celia to meet her father (as she had never mentioned any quarrel), and resolved not to say anything to her about the invitation. At this juncture the friends were parted by the frantic crowds in the betting-ring. Pullman found the odds against Mirambo 200 to 1, and placed \$1,000 at these figures. He had hardly rejoined Celia in the grand stand when the race of the year was on. After one or two attempts, they were off; that is, all with the exception of Mirambo, who stood at the post with head wagging from side to side, and then —away he goes, pounding up the mud like a cyclone. Along they come. Bluebells leads, Lemon second, and the others bunched.

At the stretch, there is a deafening roar from the crowd. Mirambo is going in bounds; the roars for the favorite do not help him. Slowly but surely Mirambo is gaining. Good old horse! For what we can see of him, he is a mass of mud,

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jockey and all. Now he has reached Bluebells, and as they draw near the finish, he shoots away and comes home in a canter.

Robert Hamilton and his companion, Mrs. Jarvis, have been imbibing freely all the afternoon, and Hamilton, knowing Pullman's reputation in the past, thought it would be some denizen of the demi-monde he would meet at dinner that night as Pullman's companion.

Pullman enjoyed the ride to the Annex. They were really getting very dear to each other. Pullman could see, for the first time, the thousand noble traits in the young girl's character, and he longed to feel worthy of her, and then, as he looked wistfully at the lights in the park, "She is Nellie's sister."

Now Pullman would not have asked Robert Hamilton to meet his own daughter if he had known what manner of woman he was with that afternoon.

That evening, as Robert Hamilton advanced

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into the parlor of the Annex, Pullman, with a smile, hastened to introduce his own daughter to him.

Robert Hamilton was beside himself with rage, and with his cold, coarse, libertine nature, finding her here with Pullman, after leaving home, could only put one interpretation on it. Yes, it was his daughter, and no doubt dishonored and disgraced by Pullman. "My God!" he shouts; "you blackguard, you shall answer to me for this!" and dashes out of the room, out of the hotel, into the street.

What must have been his thought! Had he any love for his daughter? Did he think then of his cruel, austere nature, repelling the advances of his shy, beautiful girls?

The fumes of his afternoon's debauch were commencing to wear off, and as they did the picture seemed all the more terrible. His daughter, driven out into the world, the mistress of this man, this *roué* of society. Ah! his very ruin was

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at hand. The large family mansion on the Lake Shore Drive would be no place for him, and, stepping into a saloon, he purchased a bottle of brandy and repaired to his office on La Salle Street. On arriving at his office, he unlocked the door, and, locking it after him, proceeded to his private office.

For years Robert Hamilton had been a slave to his business, and his neatly arranged desk told of his being a methodical man of great business ability. Getting himself a pitcher of ice-water from the cooler, he takes great draughts of the brandy and water. The Rookery is almost deserted, and the office, occupying about the entire floor, seems strangely quiet and gloomy. The brandy seems to steady his nerves, and, as he sits at his desk, he resolves to pass out into those regions "where no traveler e'er returns." His ticker ticks out, and, grasping his tape, he reads the market, that old familiar sound to him. Those ticks have sounded the death-knell

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to many. The man, in this brief hour before his death, is changed. He reviews his past. Instead of rage and hatred for his child, there is pity. Now he raises a small revolver to his head, and, grasping the tape in his left hand, as it ticks out an advance in C. B. & Q., in which he is a heavy investor, he blows out his brains.

To the world, "Suicide over business."

"Thou that hast looked on death,
Aid us when death is near;
Whisper of heaven and faith, sweet Mother,
Sweet Mother, hear.
Ora pro nobis."

CHAPTER XV.

"I cannot remember such things were,
That were most precious to me."

—*Shakespeare*.

Uncle Zeb was delighted with the new change in Slingsby's household, as the Russian gave him numerous fat tips, which made Uncle Zeb his friend for life.

Uncle Zeb was an old-time darkey—born in slavery and loved by his old master until his death; that type of the grand old family darkey loved by all, and which is, to our sorrow, fast disappearing from the race.

Uncle Zeb had this morning scolded his assistant, a chocolate-colored nigger he had picked up to help him, as he found the darkey not up to the standard of a good Southern servant. Uncle Zeb had his ideas of serving and waiting on "de white folks," and everything must be just so. The old man sat on the back porch dream-

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ing; his thoughts wandered back to dear old Virginia, in the days of slavery, "befo' de war." This July day, with its bright sunshine, reminded him of a day some fifty years before, when down on the old estate "Farnaham," in Montgomery County, he hitched up the old family carriage to drive "Missy Eleanor" to Richmond; how the old lady would come out with some niece or nephew for the long journey, which would take at least a week. For was there not Cousin Ladford, Aunt Stewart, and numerous other relatives to visit on the road? Then, with the small trunks stored away on top, with carpet-bags of generous proportions, all was ready, and Uncle Zeb, in snow-white linen, would crack his whip over the old family team, Tom and Jerry, and away they would go. And what pride Uncle Zeb, then a young man, felt when he had his mistress and friends in charge! As his thoughts flew back, he could see the old turnpike, made in the reign of George the Fourth; the mountains on either

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side ; the rich verdant lands on the bottoms ; the autumn plowing showing in rich brick reds ; the green foliage of the nearer mountains, growing more light in texture as they towered higher toward the blue sky ; the negroes working in gangs, with their overseers mounted, engaged in different farming pursuits, singing like a lot of happy children at a pleasant task ; the first stop on the road, Cousin Lucy Graham or Cousin Ann Tucker, and then, after the mistress is safely with her kinfolks, what a warm reception he receives at the servants' quarters ! The truth to tell is sad, but Uncle Zeb had been taking forty winks, and, half drowsy, he hears the banjos tuning, and he is cutting a pigeon's wing and dancing a buck and wing *vis-à-vis* with a coal-black wench named Sal Davis, when the old man jumps up and commences to dance with all the energy of youth, to the surprise and amusement of 'Rastus, who is looking out of the window and laughing at the old man. As he dances he

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sings an old plantation song, and then, realizing what he is doing, yells at the top of his voice: "Here you, 'Rastus, get busy; time Master was coming home. Fly and set de table while your old uncle jugs de hare." And all is a rustle and bustle, so as not to have what Uncle Zeb calls a "deming."

Slingsby and the Russian, coming home tired, after a long, wearisome hunt for the Human Note, could not have asked for a daintier or more welcome meal than that prepared by the old darkey. A fine Scotch broth was followed by salmon cutlets; then some jugged hare, followed by a brace of quail *entre* macaroni and cheese, with grape jelly, walnuts, and Rochefort to wind up. The wine was a splendid claret, served at an even temperature, to be followed with Mumm's Extra Dry; with the *pièce de resistance*, the dessert, some rich fruity port from London docks; the liqueur consisted of some golden Chartreuse, made by the famous monks; and when the

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large black cigars were glowing, Slingsby motioned to Uncle Zeb to bring his old guitar and sing to them.

The Russian was a really good singer, and, as the old white-haired darkey sang "My Old Kentucky Home," the two could not refrain from joining in the chorus, which was followed by several other old-time plantation songs.

How songs of this kind will take us back to the days of our youth! and it is to be remembered that Slingsby had been trained in all the old customs and traditions of the South. Uncle Zeb's wife, old Aunt Elmo, had been his nurse and "mammy" for years, and Uncle Zeb was a kind and respectful father to the boy, and it was amusing to see him follow Slingsby to the door, asking him to take his umbrella and be sure and wear his rubbers, as it looked like rain.

Slingsby was growing fond of the Russian, and was charmed to note a number of little characteristics peculiar to foreigners. Uncle Zeb pre-

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pared a superb mint julep which alone would have endeared him to his master, as Slingsby had all the fondness for this drink, dear to the heart of the South.

When Slingsby returned that evening, Uncle Zeb went to his door and said: "Master Slingsby, this old niggah hasn't many more years before him, promise me one thing, never to let me go, but let me be near you to the end." And Slingsby promised.

CHAPTER XVI.

"Faith is the subtle chain
Which binds us to the infinite; the voice
Of a deep life within, that will remain
Until we crowd it thence."

—*E. O. Smith.*

The Rev. C. F. Wilbur, curate of the fashionable Trinity Church, sat in his comfortable rooms in the parish house, to outward appearances happy and contented, but inwardly his very soul was racked. A High-Churchman, in the truest conception of the word, he found himself tied to a service that the early fathers would have been at a loss to define.

It is not our place to state his great trouble, as we do not wish to make this book an argument for any special form of worship, but suffice it to say, a High-Churchman in a Low-Churchman's church is like a fish out of the frying-pan.

A brief curateship, spent in a Baltimore church, had been rest and surcease for his soul,

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and yet some of the little things considered proper only by the High-Churchmen and those of the good Catholic faith had to be omitted on account of the bishop of that part of Maryland.

At thirty years of age his whole life had been dedicated to the Church, and he believed a priest's first vow should be celibacy.

Now, at a church tea he had been introduced to Nellie Hamilton, and from the moment he saw her, long before the formal words of introduction were uttered, he was in love—one of those first-sight loves that burn and last forever. Could he marry her, even if she would have him? He asked himself this question time and time again. In this Low Church parish nothing would be thought of it, and the bishop would give him some country parish; but his thoughts reverted to his college days at dear old St. John's, to the band of noble fellows who, under the tutelage of the late Bishop of Fond du Lac, had resolved to wed the Church only. Could he recall the old

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chapel and those grand male voices in full burst of evensong; the altars with candles gleaming, the cross high above all, gleaming with a silvery brightness that had given many a young priest his first comfort and consolation; how, in those days, he seemed to be very near to God—could he recall all these memories and then wish to break his resolve to wed the Church only?

After giving himself up to reflection and thinking how different the Church was since becoming affiliated with clubs and societies, he arose, and, putting on a soft hat, walked quickly two or three squares to the parish home of the Church of the Ascension, and, ringing the bell, was admitted by a lay brother clothed in a somber cassock. As the door closed on La Salle Avenue, it seemed that he had passed into another world. Here were all the evidences of a deep religious life, after the truest sense of the Catholic. In a moment he was clasping the hand of Father Quench, whose pale face and deep re-

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ligious attire told of the life wedded to the true Church, and in the solemn sanctity of the priest's study a man was soon making confession of how an earthly love had racked his very soul and wrested, as it were, his very eyes from the pleading Savior bowed with woe on Calvary.

These two men of the same views fought out the fight, and great beads of perspiration stood out on their brows, and hours went by until the soft silver tinkle of the bell announced that midnight mass would be said in the chapel. A brother priest officiated, and ere the beautiful tones of the Te Deum arose in muffled chant from the faithful band in the chapel, our Father Wilbur felt the divine comfort of his Heavenly Father steal unto him, and the beautiful words came to him, "Come, ye who are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

Bidding dear Father Quench good-night, he got the keys from the verger, and, entering the church proper, knelt in the pews, there to watch

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and pray and to fight his fight—his Garden of Gethsemane.

The stray moonlight lit up one of the church windows, and one little beam lit up the golden cross with tenderness, and the mysterious light of the world to come shone down o'er him, and ere the dawn Wilbur, of the world earthly, had taken on the spiritual life, and pledged his love to his Church alone.

Great trouble to some people gives to them a source of true happiness. A lonely maiden who has been jilted feels a sense of pleasure that she has been a martyr before the eyes of the world, and these things are also true of those who have made great sacrifices in religion. No doubt a shout of joy burst from St. Lawrence as he felt the cruel pangs of the gridiron, and Joan of Arc, with her serene, beautiful smile, shouted with joy as the renegade touched with that fatal torch the faggot whose fires would illuminate the hearts of Europe. Wilbur still felt towards Nel-

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lie a deep, spiritual love, the same as he would give his sister or brother in life's journey; but to keep true to the first teachings of his early career would now be all in all to him.

He reached his quarters just as old Sol gave his first flickering rays to the bosom of Lake Michigan. Without undressing, he threw himself on a divan in his study for only a few moments, for he remembered he was to preach to-day—Sunday—and his sermon, lying on his blotter, was not what he wanted to tell the whole world. Double-locking his door, he drew his desk to the open window and wrote as he had never written before. The words came fast to his heated brain. Yea, he would preach, not a sermon as had been his want, easy-going, self-satisfied, to his easy congregation, but one of the Divine Master, who holds out His bleeding hand to the world, make them come with Him, and follow that long, thorny road in His own footsteps, to the very foot of Calvary, and convince

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them of the joy of forgetting the world and finding comfort and peace by the watch-fires of Jerusalem.

CHAPTER XVII.

"Who never doubted, never half believed,
Where doubt there truth is—'tis her shadow."

—P. J. Bailey.

It will be well for us to return for a short time to St. Petersburg and find out about our friends the Prince and Count Polo.

After the Note had made his escape, the great friendship that existed between the Prince and the Count suddenly ceased. The Prince was seldom seen in his old haunts, the Bourse or the club; in fact, the parlors of the great Bank of St. Petersburg knew him not, and the Deputy Governor transacted all his business.

The Prince had taken up his quarters at his palace, Lenner, on the banks of Lake Ladog.: Here he stayed month after month, vexed and sore to realize that his honor as a banker would be shattered if he did not produce the Note on the day of payment, and ever and anon, in the

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privacy of his dressing-room, he would caress with loving hands a pair of large English pistols, which his faithful Fergus had, under his orders, carefully oiled and loaded.

This foreign aristocrat, with the blood of by-gone kings tingling in his veins, knew that if the worst came to the worst, one shot facing yon mirror would take him to the great Beyond, where his earthly troubles would cease. But he lived in hopes. Fergus would bring in the daily reports from America, which came in twos and threes, and await without the portal in real fear, for the Prince might take a shot at him, and Fergus—well, he had fond hopes of spending his last days in far-away bonnie Scotland, with a braw lassie and numerous little bairns collected around his feet.

Long after the lights were out in the great palace the Prince would pace on one of those Italian parapets that looked out on the distance to the rolling hills, crowned with snow and ice,

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and his very nature seemed to have taken on the outward semblance of this frozen zone.

The Count, on the other hand, was of a different nature. He had noticed the Prince's coldness after that painful episode of the Note's departure. Naturally, he was sorry, and he also hoped that on the day of payment the Note would be produced. At any rate, just before closing day, he would enter the bank on December 14, 1908, demand his Note, and of course, if not there, he would await developments; but he knew the Prince well, and he felt he could not intrude on his privacy.

After a round of pleasure in St. Petersburg, he slipped over to gay Paris, and later took a trip to see a dear friend in England, a Mr. Cecil Henderson, a retired naval officer, at one time in the diplomatic service, who, having retired lived in Bournemouth, that fashionable resort on the South Coast.

Mrs. Hudson, a delightful, clever woman

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of the upper class, and daughter, Edith, made up a beautiful family, and the days of his visit extended into weeks.

The Count saw in Edith a fair type of woman, foreign to all countries except the "tight little island." Picture to yourself a young girl with blue eyes and flaxen hair; with a complexion rivaling Pallas Athene; herself a young, supple figure, that gave great promise of the future; trained in all outdoor sports, and a great athlete. The Count had just seen her in a game of tennis, and admired her at once. Who has ever talked to a pretty young English girl of eighteen summers? How beautiful she is! how the most trivial events are great secrets! and how prettily her expressions, such as "Charming," "So jolly," etc., are given, with a stamp of her foot (not too small, perhaps)! and oh, what a pleasure to have tea in mamma's drawing-room and to hear her warble some simple ballad which gives class to her perfect schooling!

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The Count, that old *roué* of a hundred foreign courts, reviewed his by-gone days. No more little suppers with Mlle. Vance of the Folly, or drive the fast Mrs. Dimpleton to the Ascot, with a dinner at Mandy's, etc. The Count made furious court, Edith was won, and the marriage took place a few weeks later at the fashionable Christ Church, where royal weddings had taken place in the past.

Edith did not have much relish for Russia, so the Count settled down in a snug rented house near the Henderson's and was billing and cooing as any old turtle-dove can do who has had plenty of training. We will leave them for the present.

Herr Jeneff, chief of the discount department, was in despair. His department was short exactly 100,000 rubles, as the Note was gone, and when he submitted his balance he had notes to make up the total, less the Human Note. He

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became morose, not knowing what day the directors would examine his department, and a great exposure would take place. Hoping against hope, he had an enormous canceling-stamp made, one foot long, six inches wide, and he resolved in his heart that if the blessed time came for canceling the Note, he would wield the stamp himself, with no uncertain force, and daily he went through the ceremony of inking and oiling this great canceling-stamp.

For the present we will say good-bye to St. Petersburg, leaving our readers to judge how at least three persons in this city were anxious to welcome Fred Hoxley back again.

CHAPTER XVIII.

"The world well tried—the sweetest thing in life—
Is the unclouded welcome of a wife."

—*N. P. Willis.*

Nip Hudson and Fred Hoxley resolved to have a secret from the whole world. It would be great fun, and really there would have been no objection to marriage, but Nip had a sentimental nature that dreamed of runaway marriages, young Lochinvar, and other stories of the same ilk, when broad-chested, long-haired men stole fair, blushing damsels.

So it happened one day the big red auto stopped in front of the court-house, and Fred emerged shortly after, exhibiting to her a marriage license, which they read, and every word, too, when the car was spinning along Michigan Avenue. A visit had been paid to Spaulding's, and a tiny gold circlet reposed in Fred's purse.

The next evening, Fred and Nip, taking the old family butler and his wife as witnesses, slipped

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around to the pastor of the Third Presbyterian Church, and before nine o'clock they were made man and wife.

We have said that Fred was not blessed with much brains, but it does not require much brains to be tender and kind and true to a woman. Look over the list of great men and pick out those whose marital lives have been happy. It takes a man years and years to understand womankind, and I want my young male readers to know that every little act of kindness is repaid a thousand-fold by the tender, true companion at his side.

Fred and Nip resolved not to tell their parents of the marriage. The only difference would be that the wee small hours would be here before the old butler would let him out of the Hudson mansion, to go home with the milkmen, whistling and happy as a lord.

To Nip, this was her seventh heaven; the secrecy, the tender good-nights—why! it was

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like Romeo and Juliet. The whole idea appealed to her.

In Fred's early youth, before his father had made so much money, the Hoxleys had very little of the world's goods, and now that they were married, he talked very freely to her; telling her of his former poverty—a strange world to this fair girl, whose earliest recollections had been luxury and wealth, and whose every wish had been gratified.

To this day Fred's father tells how he was married on a Saturday so as not to miss a day from the works, and of his wages at that time—\$1.50 per day.

Poor Mrs. Hoxley had been taken away just before the turn of luck in the family, and she only knew the striving and planning it took to make the same keep a family of four, for two brothers and a little sister had been laid away in their trying days.

Fred would tell his wife of his boyish hopes

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and ambitions in those days of almost want; of his not having those innocent enjoyments and amusements dear to the hearts of little ones; and now that wealth was at his command, how dearly he would have liked to have been enabled to make the life of the little brothers and sister happier during their short stay on earth.

The little tales of early days struck a deep chord of sympathy in his little wife's heart, and they resolved to start a school for little boys of poor parents, and amply endow same, so that the cost would be nominal, and make the hearts of some poor parents glad, for a parent will deny himself for the chance of making a little one happy.

Shortly after the foregoing, they saw a truly sad sight. A little fellow about 7 years old, selling papers on a street corner; in one hand his papers, and the other dragging a little tin horse. Half-child, half-baby, poorly clad, depicting in his little thin face the meager fare.

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The young people acted at once as a fairy god-father and mother. Fred got the little one's father a position, and brought happiness and hope into these poor lives, like drifting rays of sunshine, thus performing without cant or creed the true mission of life.

Fred remembered how one Christmas Eve, when about five years of age, he had gotten out of his little bed, hung up his stocking, and climbed back into bed, fully believing that Santa Claus would fill his stocking; how eagerly he peeped at the stocking when daylight appeared, only to find it empty. No toys or candy greeted his gaze, but it was just as he had left it. From that moment he became a little man, realizing that this life is at best a cold proposition.

And this is true in after life. Take, for instance, how some women surround their husbands with a halo of good, and how do they repay them? With harsh words—yea, sometimes cruel blows.

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However, we must not condole too much over his past life, for now he is making up for all those days, denying himself nothing—fine foods, fine wines, carriages, automobiles—anything and everything is his; but, when he tosses the waiter the usual dollar or half-dollar, that old regret is with him that he was not enabled to lavish comforts on those dear ones years ago.

CHAPTER XIX.

"Alas! by some degree of woe
We every bliss must gain;
The heart can ne'er a transport know
That never feels a pain."

—*Lord Lyttelton.*

All this time Ivan and Slingsby were as busy as bees, but with no result. As the days flew by Ivan became restless. What use would it be if they captured the Note after he was due?

Ivan, who had known the Prince for years, could imagine with what wrath his employer would meet him if he did not obtain his object, and Fergus had written him a long letter, telling him how the Prince was putting in the time; how he sat for hours with his pistol at his side, glaring out on the hills, and counting the days on a small calendar, crossing them off day by day with a red pencil; growing more morose, more cold, more pale, as the days went by.

Ivan had been trained to find a man in a

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country where the movements of everyone are registered by the police, and when a man left or came into the country, a passport was required. He therefore missed what they called their system—thousands of spies—employed by the Government to watch and get track of anyone who looked suspicious or whom they desired. Aside from his non-success in the hunt, Ivan enjoyed living in this country. He liked the air of freedom, the people, the rapid means of transportation, the amusements. And let us ask right here, what people or nation have more amusements on God's footstool than our own people?

One evening they dined at the famous Madame Galli's on North Illinois Street, and here the Russian enjoyed the soup and dinner so much that whenever they were in that vicinity they dropped in. It's a jolly good place. Everyone talks to his neighbor. Slingsby met a crowd of newspaper men here one evening, and asked one

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of them whether he knew Fred Hoxley, the son of the butterine manufacturer. "Why, yes," he replied; "I have known him for some years. He has asked me to come to see him. He is staying in a room some place on Forty-third Street. Why, here's the address penciled on a card. Says he is keeping out of the way of his people; had a row with old Hoxley. He's a jolly good fellow, and I am glad to meet his friends."

Ivan, who had drunk deeply of the Madame's table wine, could hardly wait; but, as the time was late, they resolved to run the man down the following morning.

How happy they were that night! Visions of the reward flashed before Slingsby's eyes. Visions of his reputation as a man-catcher flashed before Ivan's eyes.

The fun grew fast and furious, in the parlance of the place. There was a good bunch of people, and Ivan at once bought wine for all the diners. This is rather unusual, but occurs at

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rare intervals. Slingsby followed; then a prominent jeweler. So, on with the dance!

Ivan sat at the piano and sang a Russian war-song, which would have been fine if anyone could have understood it.

Slingsby found himself making a speech, in which he invited them all to come again the next night, at his expense, and—

Well, all grew dark, and he was down and out, and tucked away in an auto down stairs, awaiting the policeman Ivan.

Ivan had gotten into a furious argument with a Jew of Socialistic tendencies. Their words rose in high tones in the air. The Jew was complaining of kings, emperors, and the usual cut-and-dried themes from his side of the question. The Russian had a few supporters on his side. All talked at once. The dinner had been fine, the wine more than ample, and, finally, Ivan found himself with his arm around the Jew's neck, swearing eternal friendship. At this, some-

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one in an adjoining room struck up a lively dance; the tables were pushed back, and everyone who could swing in the limited space was soon lost in the mazes of the dance. An actress gave a skirt dance, assisted by one of the editors of a paper, who fairly reeled from side to side. The room was heavy with cigar and cigarette smoke; some women fainted, only to be carried out of the room; one man sang a song in a fine, free baritone voice, about the mocking-bird and the wildwood. All joined in the chorus. Was there ever such a happy time? When mellow with wine and good company, our brains act with quickness. Feeling fine, everyone is a poet, or anything he wants to be.

A game of cards was going in the back room. Ivan joined the game, and, being a good player, he soon had all the money his Jewish friend of the Socialistic tendencies had.

Is it any wonder that after a night of this kind they forgot to get up until high noon next

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day? When Slingsby went into the Russian's bedroom, they found it was almost 12 o'clock, and their heads felt as large as the apartment-house in which they were domiciled. After comparing notes and assuring themselves it was not all a disordered dream, they dressed and, with small inclination for breakfast, hurried over to the residence of the Note.

CHAPTER XX

"Night, sable goddess! from her ebon throne,
In rayless majesty, now stretches forth
Her leaden sceptre o'er a slumbering world."

—Dr. E. Young.

It was now the first of December, and already Chicago was enjoying the first taste of winter weather.

One evening after kissing his little wife good-bye, Fred started out to see his old comrades. Ten o'clock found him knocking at the back door of headquarters. It was only a few months since his last visit here, but how much had happened during that time! what narrow escapes he had had! Even at this point, suppose they had plotted to kill him. He groaned to himself as he knocked at the door—one long rap, and then two hasty ones. The same old hag let him in, and, after giving the pass-word, he was admitted to the inner room. The air was filled

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with smoke as usual, and a fine-looking young man was making a speech. Fred took a chair and listened. The young man was the son of a millionaire editor of a Chicago paper, and his address was for higher ideals for the poor, better conditions, and some of his rough listeners emitted words of admiration and approval. As soon as he had finished. Fred, with others, congratulated him. Fred had known him in society, and they both smiled as they thought of the different meetings they had had in days gone by, at the Polo and Country Clubs.

Fred was now greeted with many expressions of joy, and as soon as quiet was restored, he got up and addressed the meeting. You may imagine how they listened to his tale, and there were few among them who did not think he was adorned with some special mark of the Russian Government, to have their secret agents kill him after he left Russia. Our old comrade with the red hair and beady eyes now suggested that

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someone in the party read the inscription on his back, and an old man, Ripstein, who had had more experience in Asiatic languages, put on a common pair of horn spectacles and waited until Fred had divested himself of his coat, vest, and shirt, and then read off the note with great care to the assembled crowd, for, of course, it was a simple translation in his own language.

Long roars of laughter and jeers were given him, for here was a delegate who had been dispatched on a mission, and had come back with his hide worth 100,000 rubles, and the property of that great Government institution, the Bank of St. Petersburg.

Fred sat silent for a few moments. The joy was too much. That he had not been branded by either the Government or the Socialists was manna to him in a wilderness of despair. Life had grown very sweet to him during the last few months, and now he resolved to hunt out the Russian and Slingsby, for no doubt they could

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explain why this Count Polo should have used him for a note form.

The meeting did not close until a late hour. Few of the cross-city cars were running, and, bidding good-night to the comrades, Fred resolved to walk home. Going north on Halsted, he started east on Twelfth Street, and the clock in the distance told him the hour was 2 a. m. Dear reader, did you ever take a lonely walk in a great city at this unearthly hour, just before the break of day, when at that witching hour the gloom and blackness hangs like a heavy pall over the great towering buildings?

Crossing the great railway yards, Fred noted life in the switching cars and the twinkling of the myriads of switching lights that guarded the great trains into safety, after a journey fraught with danger. He paused for a moment and looked down into the sluggish river running far beneath him, and, drawing his long overcoat closer around him, thought how easy it would

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be for someone to knock him on the head and throw him into those black depths below. Through more squalid quarters, with not a soul stirring, he passed. The houses were dark. Some few feeble lights burned, perhaps left to guide some drunkard home after a night's debauch.

At last State Street, and then dear old Michigan Avenue hove in sight, and, hailing a passing cab, Fred was soon spinning along toward his quarters, the fine houses on either side of him shrouded with darkness, and, save for some cab driving home with a tired load, the city slept.

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for England, and sail for South America, her new home, about the first of the year.

Now that Celia had in a way renounced the pomps and vanities of this wicked world, life was all happiness for her. She had met Father Quench on Saturday evening at the Church of the Ascension, where she went for her weekly confession, and later Rev. Wilbur walked home with her. It had been a hard week in church matters. Celia had paid many visits to the poor and suffering, and the week had been made up of the dismal things of life. The young soldier of the cross who walked by her side knew that the young girl was the sister of his Nellie, and longed to gain her intimate confidence and be a brother to her—to give her advice or consolation. So it happened she made him her secular father confessor, and told him of her flight from home; of those brief, happy weeks; of the suicide of her father; and asked his advice. Rev. Wilbur advised her to go where the Lord had called her,

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and trust alone in Him, and if it was His will, all would be well. As a matter of friendship, she put her small, warm hand in his, and in a flas' it reminded him of his Nellie, and he was for a moment a man of earthly passions and ideas.

To have thought again of his Nellie, with all the storm-tossed love in his heart, to have longed to once again hear the music of her voice, seemed to him as though he had been in the harbor of tranquillity and to have heard the pilot shout, "All's well." And now he was dashed out again into the seething, foamy seas, drifting with the tide.

As he mused in his study at the parish house that night, he built fairy castles for his dear sainted Nellie. He had renounced his earthly love, but, even as the shadows of the night drew on and one by one the little stars adorned heaven's canopy, he mused, and finally, kneeling at the white crucifix, he sought spiritual consolation. With hands clenched, with adoring post-

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ure, prone like a little child, pleading with his Savior to renew his vows.

Even so great is man's earthly love for woman.

CHAPTER XXII.

"A ruddy drop of manly blood
The surging sea outweighs;
The world uncertain comes and goes,
The lover rooted stays."

—R. W. Emerson.

Slingsby having confided in the Russian about his love-affair, that personage gave him the requested permission to tell the fair one all about the hunt, and this evening, being off duty, he headed for the hospital. Of course he felt he owed the dear one explanations, why he had not called in these many weeks, and he was only too anxious to explain all and assure Nellie of his life-long devotion.

A diamond solitaire gleamed in a small rose-colored box in his pocket, and the check given to Peacock that day had exhausted his month's salary.

The same sweet Nellie greeted him once again. She came down ready dressed to go out,

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which much relieved Slingsby, as a sallow youth, evidently on a sparkling mission, had eyed him with disfavor as he entered the parlor.

It did not take Slingsby long to tell Nellie all about the Russian and their strange quest, and he had not finished his story when she turned around, and, with tones of veneration in her voice, said, "Oh, Slingsby! the Note was here last week."

And she told the strange account of the man who had come into the hospital with the strangely marked back.

Here they entered Lincoln Park. The air was crisp, and the autumnal touches had left its mark on grass and tree. Not finding a vacant seat, they strolled on. The benches were all occupied by lovers, repeating to each other, no doubt, the old, old story.

The magnificent breast-works were almost deserted; the night dark; the only sound the wash of the great inland sea on the beach.

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At last, finding a secluded bench, they sat down, and for some moments neither spoke. Both were supremely happy. A small, warm hand stole into Slingsby's, and his cup of happiness was full.

What plans they made for the future, and how they hoped against hope that the Note would turn up, and Slingsby earn his share of the reward.

It was a great night for plans. How many others were making plans that night in the park —how many poor factory-girls, whose courting in the park would be looked back upon as one of the green oasis in life's journey! For with their marital life would come the hard striving to make ends meet, and a life of toil; the reward some poor, puling children, to make them work all the harder.

Though by the roadside, Nellie and Slingsby were almost hid by bushes, and they saw many amusing love-scenes in automobiles as they went

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rushing by with strident horns, like great animated monsters of antediluvian days.

It was not too dark for Slingsby to see Nellie's true gray eyes, her perfectly formed nose, the lips like Cupid's bow, and those even teeth. He was admiring fresh charms every minute, and he wondered why he should be elected among men to pluck this fairest flower, and that she should love him for all time.

On the way home they enjoyed some chop suey, as prepared by the wily Orientals of the Far East.

It was midnight when Slingsby entered his apartment, and here he found Ivan pacing the dining-room floor. The great strain was beginning to tell on the Russian. He looked pale; great rings were around his eyes, and he looked tired and worn. He handed Slingsby a cablegram containing the following curt words:

"Give up search. Come home. POLISKY."

"I'm afraid all is over," said Ivan. "Even if

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we caught the Note this very night, we would not have time to transport him to Russia." Slingsby was almost too dejected to answer, though, grasping the brave Russian's hand, he bade him hope.

There were several letters in the afternoon mail for Slingsby—most of them bills and circulars—but he picked up one that had gone to the wrong address, and hence delayed. On opening it, he found a card for a dance at his old friends, the Hudsons, on Drexel Boulevard. Slingsby turned to the Russian and said: "Well, old man, we cannot let you leave the country without attending one of our balls. Let us go to-morrow night. They are very old and dear friends and a good time is assured. And, in any case, let us never give up until every shot is fired, and perhaps we might be able to telegraph presentation."

The Russian grasped Slingsby's hand, and said: "My boy, you have indeed been a friend

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and help to me, and even though all appears 'up,'
I will keep on to the end."

Shortly after, they sit down to a grilled bone,
which Zeb serves, though half asleep.

The following evening, at 9 o'clock, the two
gentlemen entered the Hudson home.

CHAPTER XXIII.

"They never fail who die
In a great cause."

—Shakespeare.

The beautiful Hudson residence on Drexel Boulevard is brilliantly lighted. A small dinner party precedes the dance, and the guests were already arriving.

Rev. Wilbur was one of the first arrivals, and he had hardly entered the drawing-room to greet Mrs. Hudson and Nip, when Fred Hoxley joined the party. Miss Nellie Hamilton was soon announced, and in a few minutes they repaired to the dining-room, the Rev. Wilbur escorting his hostess, Fred Hoxley escorting Miss Hudson, or, if the truth were known, his wife, and Sam Hudson bringing up the rear with Nellie.

Poor Rev. Wilbur! He sat by Nellie's side that evening, and the memory of that dinner-party remained with him long years after. For

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the man who was denying himself of this world's pleasure what could have been more tantalizing?

Sam Hudson prided himself on his *chef* and his cellar, and he had just cause for pride. They say his *chef* sat up far into the night concocting some dish to tickle the palate of his master and mistress, and it was rumored that Simpkins, the butler, was a known authority on the temperature of the wine to be served. It may not be well to hanker after the flesh-pots of Egypt, Who, who is there who really does not love the good things of life?

The conservation was delightful; gleams of wit, clever sayings and repartee, and the true hospitality of an American home made it an ideal affair.

As they regained the drawing-room, the ball-room was lighted, and it was time to receive the guests.

The Hudsons had never forgotten the friends of the days when their pocket-book was slim, and

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a great many of their poorer friends attended this dance. And, clothed in the dress of fashion's decree, they made a good appearance. Old Brown had hired a dress-suit that was much too tight, and Smith's trousers were much too short. Sam Hudson was in his element, shaking his finger at one, clasping another's hand, making young society men dance with ancient hens of the vintage of long ago. How could they refuse Sam Hudson? Some of them would have danced with Old Nick himself to have won the old millionaire's favor.

Presently Slingsby and the policeman, Ivan, were announced. And then Pullman Gillett—the last of a great mob of people, pale and quiet, and he was right in their midst. Surely no carriage had driven up. How did he come?

The mob was large, though the ball-room was only comfortably filled. Sam Hudson's other guests had not attended many dances in their youth.

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We find three numbers have been danced, and the strains of a two-step were heard when Ivan, entering the ball-room with Miss Hudson on his arm, saw for the first time Fred Hoxley entering on the other side with Miss Nellie Hamilton. Ivan made a rush across the floor and grabbed his hand, shouting out loud, "I must see you at once!" Fred was also delighted, and led the way to a small reception-room at the head of the stairs. They both started to explain. It was hard to get head or tail out of the story, but the Russian explained his side.

In the reception-room the Rev. Wilbur and Slingsby were the sole occupants, but they made them stay, and, as the Russian proceeded with his story, the Rev. Wilbur found out that Ivan owed him a coat for the one he had ruined at the time of the North Side episode. "Alas!" roared the Russian, "we have found you too late, for it is now only six days to the fourteenth of December.

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Fred Hoxley looked around at the little band. He would have gladly returned to Russia, and how he regretted he had not known the true status of the case before.

Slingsby was white with despair and sorrow. Here, just as the cup was at his lips, it was to be dashed from him. Nellie and Nip, like true women, were softly crying, not knowing what to advise.

Just at this juncture the door was opened, and Pullman Gillett entered, and, seeing the girls crying, was about to withdraw, but he still loved Nellie, and asked her the cause of her tears. Nellie told him all, and ended with a burst of crying. When she told him how they would have won had the time been a little longer, Pullman Gillett, pale and calm, said: "Nellie, years ago I asked you, whenever you needed a friend, to call upon me. Now, dear friends, listen. In the first place, I have the means to take this whole party to Russia, and in the appointed time."

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Walking over to the window, he threw up the curtains, and, drawing a whistle from his pocket, gave a long, peculiar whistle.

In a moment, a huge cigar-shaped airship glowed out with a thousand electric lights, and there it hovered in the air, some hundred feet away, like a huge bird.

"Now," said Gillett, "let us all go. There is plenty of room for both ladies and gentlemen, only we will need, I presume, a chaperon."

It was now Miss Hudson's time to draw out her wedding-ring, and become the blooming matron and chaperon.

"We have not much time to lose," said Pullman. "Gather together some clothes and let us start at once. Leave a note for the old people, as they probably would not allow you to go."

Rev. Wilbur accepted the invitation, and as the men were all about the same size, clothes and traveling-bags were soon taken up to the flat roof with great secrecy, and everyone got on board

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just as the clocks were sounding the hour of three.

A hasty examination of the airship showed it to be 300 feet long and having a lifting capacity of three tons, and would carry nine people. Two nice cabins, a reception- and dining-room, would give ample accommodation. The party consisted of Rev. Wilbur, Pullman Gillett, Mr. and Mrs. Hoxley, Ivan, Nellie, and Slingsby. In addition, an engineer and two men to run the ship.

Pullman at once repaired to the steering-cabin, and under his guidance the great airship was soon headed east in a southerly direction, and every register of the delicate machinery showed a wonderful speed.

The engineer joined Pullman in the steering-house. They looked at these wonderful instruments and marked the speed. The airship's two great dynamos were working at full speed. They both rubbed their eyes in astonishment. The air-

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ship was going at the rate of one hundred and ten miles an hour. The engineer descended into the cabin. One of the sailors was putting a table-cloth on the table, and at each plate small bowls, served with a small pellet. The company were assembled, and Rev. Wilbur asked a blessing, and the guests ate the pellets, which were no less than war rations of the United States Army.

On account of the enormous velocity of the airship, no one ventured out onto the diminutive deck, and soon all were resting peacefully in their cabins, excepting Pullman. There he stood like a sphinx. Now and again a sigh escaped his lips, and once in the deep watches of the night the stars might have heard him murmur, "Poor Celia!" He was, no doubt, thinking of the past.

CHAPTER XXIV.

"By unseen hands uplifted in the light
Of sunset, yonder solitary cloud
Floats with its white apparel blown abroad,
And wafted up to heaven."

On the morning of the 6th the company awakened and experienced a most peculiar sensation. The ladies, domiciled in one of the cabins of the airship, felt as though they were on a rough sea voyage, and they looked a sorry crew when assembled at the breakfast table in the main cabin. However, the feeling of, let us call it, *mal de air* wore off, and after enjoying a hearty breakfast of more pellets and distilled water, they all repaired to the diminutive deck, to take in the view.

Owing to the great distance from the earth, they could not distinguish much, but shortly after breakfast the ship was steered so as to be only about five hundred yards from the earth, and from this point the view was magnificent.

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The Rev. Wilbur was in his seventh heaven, being in company with Nellie Hamilton, or, if not in his seventh heaven, he was nearer to heaven than he had ever been, which was a matter of truth.

Of course Pullman Gillett showed them the airship from stem to stern, and everything was in its proper place and packed away in the most surprising places, all showing the greatest mechanical skill and genius. The two sailors were kept polishing the brasswork and washing down the deck, and everything was kept in man-of-war order.

At 10 o'clock, Pullman, who had been in the wheel-house all night, lay down and took a much-needed rest. Rev. Wilbur, a great lover of chess, settled down with Nellie, who was very proficient in the game, and they were soon lost in that king of all games. As Nellie handled the chessmen with her white, tapering fingers, she little knew that the clergyman opposite her would have given

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his life to have held and kissed them with a brother's love.

A game of whist was organized, with Mrs. Hoxley and the Russian detective against the Human Note and Slingsby Freestick.

Ivan, the detective, paid many visits to the wheel-house, consulting with Hackett, the engineer, and was pleased to find that, if all went well, they would arrive in St. Petersburg the morning of the 14th. While he tried to feel there would not be a break, and that the great machine would keep up its speed, that old English adage recurred to him, "There 's many a slip 'twixt the cup and lip."

At 4 o'clock they had left the land, and were skimming over the Atlantic Ocean. The cold at this altitude was intense, so Pullman, who was now at the wheel again, descended until they were only some two hundred yards above the sea, and could hear the muffled roar of the Atlantic.

The voyage was given to mirth and merri-

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ment; the novelty of it impressed them all, and a good dinner of pellets was partaken of by all, Nip being so hungry she was ashamed asking for her nineteenth pellet. After the dinner dishes had disappeared, Mr. Hackett opened an aluminum partition and disclosed a choice piano, and Nip, who played well, was soon seated at the instrument, and the evening was passed with a regular feast of music.

At 11 o'clock all except Pullman, who was at the wheel, and Ivan, who was taking a final cigar on deck, had retired.

Ivan, with his arms on the deck rail, was musing on his past life, of his hopes and ambitions for the future, when a bright speck met his gaze over the right bow of the ship, a trifle north of the course they were taking. Going to the wheelhouse, he pointed it out to Pullman, who had not noticed it, as he was more intent on the compass and the direction he was headed for.

What could it be? If they kept on, they

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would perhaps never know, but Ivan seemed to have some strange curiosity to know what the mysterious light was, and at last, after frantic appeals, Pullman consented to make a short detour, though telling Ivan it would sacrifice their now limited time.

As they approached the light, they could discern a ship on fire. All hands were called, and in a few moments the party was gathered on deck. Pullman made another downward descent, and they were now close to what was once a noble ship, burned at one end to the water-line. Getting closer still, they perceived two figures on the forward deck, a man and a woman, and Pullman came to a stop almost over the ship. The flames lit up the sea for miles around, and the horrified party could see a beautiful girl kneeling on the deck, her eyes closed, and praying. A man was by her side. Pullman, taking in the situation in a moment, secures a light line to his waist, giving it a twist around a hawser. The sailors take the

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end, and, swinging himself over the side, Pullman in a moment is beside the girl on the ship. As she turned her face toward him, he gave a start. Could he believe his eyes? It is Celia!

They had parted in anger, and the young girl was shocked to see him standing there—and, yes! he had come to save her.

She was but a woman, and in those few moments she forgot all fear, a great happiness came over her; he was speaking; the sound of his voice was the sweetest music to her ears. She had always loved him. She had tried so hard to forget him.

Oh, how dreary had been the days since that well-remembered night when they had parted! How she had longed to see him! What she wanted was Gillett's love, and here she was half-starved, cold in the very portals of death; but here, here was her love, her idol, who was now putting his arms around her, and they were being drawn up in the air. Her cheek touched his.



"For she felt that their hour had come."

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She could feel his warm breath upon her cheek. The strain on her nervous system had been something terrible. When the alarm of fire had come, the men had fought for the boats like wild animals, and with no thought of her.

And now it all seemed like a dream. She looked up. The cord seemed a frail strand, as it were, to bind herself and lover to earth and happiness again, for she felt that their hour had come. His lips, as cold as the buds of death, met hers, and in a low voice she spoke these words:

“Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar
When I put out to sea.

“But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless
deep
Turns again home.

“Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark;
And may there be no sadness of farewell
When I embark.

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"For tho' from out our bourne of time and place
 The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
 When I have crossed the bar."

And as she murmured the last words they were drawn on board. Leaving Celia in safety, Pullman once more returned to the burning ship, to rescue the Captain, who was no other than Cecil Henderson, R.N.R., whose love for the sea had induced him to go into the merchant marine service, and his ship, the *Irving Castle*, was bound for the West Indies.

"Sir," said the Captain, "I thank you kindly for offering to save me, but a British captain must never desert his ship until all hope is gone."

He then quietly introduced himself to Pullman, asked him to mail a packet of papers to Lloyd's of Liverpool, and offered him a cigarette, which was promptly refused by Pullman. Seizing a burning spar, the Captain lit his cigarette, and taking a small British flag from his pocket,

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he tied it to the only remaining mast and with folded arms quietly awaited his doom.

Pullman knew there was no arguing the point. These brave fellows have gone down in countless numbers in the great deep for principle and honor.

Pullman is lifted up, the airship is put in motion, but hovers around in great circles, to see whether the brave Captain will change his mind. The fire is gaining, and through the mass of burning wreck, which is silhouetted against the sky, he stands in silence.

Suddenly there is an explosion. Some gunpowder has ignited, and of the gallant ship only a few spars are seen. Our Captain has gone to meet that band of loyal, brave men who have given their lives in the same way, and as the poet Longfellow said:

"Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time."

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The feelings of our brave band in the airship can better be imagined than described. Pullman Gillett's ancestors had helped to make American history, and he mused on the brilliant deeds of Englishmen and his own people in the past. The gallant soldier Gordon and his own brave Hobson come to his mind, and he was proud to think that the gallant Captain was of the same sturdy stock as his forefathers, and, after all, his kinsman.

CHAPTER XXV.

"They sin who tell us love can die;
With life all other passions fly,
All others are but vanity."

Celia, who had fainted on reaching the airship, awoke to find her sister's arms around her, and a foolish girlish quarrel that had kept them apart all this time was banished through the mist of tears and happiness.

It is safe to say they had many experiences to relate, and when Celia referred to Pullman, the tell-tale blush told Nellie of a stolen heart.

Celia had been under a tremendous strain, and it was here that the sister's skill as a trained nurse was brought into play, and she tenderly cared for her until she brought her back to health. The Rev. Wilbur was overjoyed to see his little parishioner again, and the joy of the party in hearing that the rescued girl was Nellie's sister knew no bounds.

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When Celia awakened again, it was two o'clock, and sleep, that great restorer, had done wonders. Pullman was admitted to her cabin, and the girl, reclining in her steamer chair, looked pale, but very beautiful. What the lovers said to each other is too sacred for the ears of the world. Pullman made a full confession of his shortcomings, and they made a compact that after leaving Russia she should go on to South America, and after two years he should come, perhaps in an airship, and claim her as his bride.

In that brief hour, in his lady's cabin, Pullman reviewed his misspent life, and regretted not to be able to lay a perfect life at her feet. In vain did he try to forget the episodes in his past life, and at last he felt that time alone would stamp it out.

The day was fine, and he carried Celia out on deck, and then told her of their strange trip. She was introduced to the Note. As they sat alone, one of her little hands strayed into his

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hair, and he drew the hand fast into his own, knowing it was his for all time.

The only thing that worried the whole party was the time. By careful calculation, both the engineer and Pullman had figured that out. Fortune favors the brave. The wind blew strongly from the west, and the machine registered great speed. The windows were all closed, as the air pressure would have broken through the fine transparent gutta-percha. The air-ship flew so fast that indeed they could scarcely hear themselves talk. Pullman, being spoken to through a tube running to the wheel-house, reported that the speed registered a mean rate of four hundred miles an hour, with the indicator rising.

As all the people seemed to be engrossed in themselves in the cabin, Wilbur went to the wheel-house and stood beside Pullman as the ship sailed through space. Neither spoke. The sensation was awful as they flew through the fleecy clouds, now out into the sunshine for a

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minute, then again through dark clouds, but ever onward, with leaps and bounds. The young clergyman mused: "Would not this be the way that a poor, world-weary soul would speed on and on to the City Eternal, gaining in velocity, until in time it would be purified by the elements, and fitted to enjoy that eternal rest in that city of gladness, joy, and faith?"

And with Pullman. Who could ever read beneath that cold, calm exterior? Had he the usual heartbeat of man, or was his heart a cake of ice? Could we follow his thoughts, we would find that, like many a man with cold exterior, he really had a warm, deep nature, one of those lives that had been spoiled by not having the responsive affinity come into his life. His one all-consuming passion had been for Nellie Hamilton, and, with a nature like his, would be so until the end of time.

Some men—perhaps many who will read these lines—will think of the *only one* as they sit in slipperease, with some true loving helpmeet

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by their side, whose life has been a good, noble one, making other lives happy. Still memory will carry them back to some little faded flower, some crushed rose, like their first grand love.

The more Pullman mused over his lot in life, the more he felt like pointing the airship's head to the sun, and carrying the whole party from the world forever.

The next day they crossed the border of Germany, and were rapidly crossing Russia, and on the morning of the 14th they saw, rising in the east, the tall minarets of the Cathedral Nicholas, and, with the direction of Ivan, they steered toward the Bank of St. Petersburg, and at 3:45 p. m. were sinking rapidly into the great court-yard of the bank. To leap out was only a moment's work for the whole party, with the exception of the sailors, who were making the moorings secure. They were at once ushered or, rather, dragged into the entrance of the bank by the policeman.

CHAPTER XXVI.

"How poor are they that have not patience!

What wound did ever heal but by degrees?"

—*Shakespeare.*

The Bank of St. Petersburg looked like some great prison, as architecture had not been taken into much account when it was built. On three sides it was surrounded by a large wall, ten feet high and four feet thick. The building was on the same massive scale, as indeed it should be, as it was made to withstand mob violence in times of famine and distress.

Nearly eight hundred employees took care of the enormous sums of money left in this bank's care, for in reality, the country's business goes through its great ledgers.

We can imagine how Herr Jeneff felt on the morning of the 14th, when he knew that his department was short 100,000 rubles, which would be discovered before the bank closed, and

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Count Polo would call for his note. The entry had already been made, and he must show either the money or the Note.

Herr Jeneff oiled and inked up his immense canceling-stamp the first thing that morning. Then he noticed the governor, the Prince, enter and pass into his private office for the first time since he had gone into seclusion.

The Prince, hoping against hope, had come up to his office with the intention of blowing out his brains if the Note did not show up. In fact, the English dueling-pistols reposed in his long over-coat pocket. A secretary hands him a telegram. It is a cable, and reads: "On the way. All is well. IVAN." It was dated three days previous, and, through some error, had not been sent down to Lenner Castle on Lake Ladoga.

The day passes slowly. The Prince and Herr Jeneff do not go to lunch. Hour after hour goes by, and the great office clock booms out the hour of three. All would have been over had it been

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in this country, but the Russian banks do not close until four o'clock. As the clock strikes, the Count, with a party of some forty friends, enters the bank, and, stepping to the head cashier, draws some money, and then stands talking with his friends, with the proper delicacy of feeling, so as to give the Prince to the last moment to produce the Note.

At ten minutes to four the great airship comes to its journey's end, and flutters like a wounded bird into the great yard of the bank. Fred Hoxley, with the Russian police on one side and Slingsby on the other, is hurried into the bank entrance, into the Prince's office. At this moment the Prince has just been about to fire his pistol. Hope had almost gone.

To tear off Fred's coat, vest, and shirt is but a moment's work, and the Prince, nearly dead with joy, leads him into the presence of Herr Jeneff, and calls in a loud voice, "Note 100,000 rubles for Count Polo!"

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At this moment the Count advances with amazement, and there, lying face downward on the note-teller's window, lies Fred Hoxley, the Human Note.

In one hand the Count holds a certified check on the bank for 100,000 rubles, which he hands to the teller, and at that moment Herr Jeneff, who could no longer contain himself, hits the Note on the back with such a whack that Fred cries out with horror and falls over the desk into the arms of the Count, cancelled !

He has performed his duty.

The people, who had heard strange stories, had fairly crowded the bank, and now there arose one prolonged cheer. The clock struck four and the bank closed.

Herr Jeneff was weeping with delight. His department was again balanced, as the note teller had credited him with 100,000 rubles.

Our little party now met in the office of the Prince, who was crazy with delight, and would

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insist on pressing Pullman Gillett to his breast and kissing him on both cheeks, in true foreign style. He insisted that the whole party should repair to Lenner Castle on Lake Ladoga. The invitation included Count Polo. One would have thought no coolness had ever existed to see them smiling and talking to each other. The airship would be sent there, and everyone would be entertained in royal style.

Hearing how matters stood between Slingsby and Nellie, the Prince resolved to give them a wedding in true Russian royal style.

That evening found the entire party, with the addition of the guests, at Lenner Castle, and the news had been flashed around the world of the strange story of the Human Note.

If our readers have never enjoyed a Russian prince's hospitality, they are to be pitied.

It was a merry party that met at breakfast the next morning. Slingsby's wedding had been arranged for, to take place in one month's time.

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After breakfast the men repaired to the forest to hunt wild boar and large game. These preserves had been kept up in their primitive nature since the Norman period.

While the ladies busied themselves in writing, etc., a score of modistes, under the direction of Mme. Converette, prepared one of the most magnificent trousseaus, all to be paid for by the fairy godfather, the Prince.

Oh, those happy days! The huge castle, standing in a primeval forest, with its grounds laid out in different designs, as a compliment to different countries—the rose garden of old England, the boxwood hedges of the United States—and then the beautiful lake, with its waters so blue. How does the old song go?

"Can you forget that night in June,
Upon the Danube River?
We listened to the nightingale,
And watched the moonlight quiver."

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What an ideal place for the young lovers! The Countess Polo, yet a bride, wrote some sonnets about them—very good, indeed. And then private theatricals—and what should they play but “Romeo and Juliet”? Slingsby made an ideal Romeo, and—well, as for Juliet, it was true to life.

There is always a touch of sadness in a merry party of congenial people. There is always a breaking up.

Dear reader, do we not realize how this whole life is made up of meetings and partings, and how we live in the future? The other day I heard an old gray-haired man say that at one time of his life, when a small boy, he wanted a little red bicycle—one of those wooden affairs—and to this end he saved his pennies, but never attained his object when a child. And now he was worth millions, but he was always longing and waiting for his little red wheel that never came at the right moment.

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And so on through this life, and then—well, never tell me our intellect can die, or our soul, or whatever you please to call it. No; this goes on into other worlds, each one better and grander and happier, until our joy will be so complete that life will be like one great burst of harmony from the organ of a contented soul.

This joy, this happiness, the ministers try to tell us of in their feeble manner, but it is hard to grasp. Rather would I look out into the heavens at night and see those myriads of stars each some bright spot inhabited by countless millions, all swayed by and held in the hollow of the Master's hand.

One round of festivities succeeded another. The great ball-room was chosen for the marriage ceremony, and it was now being decorated by florists. A huge wedding-bell would be raised over a divan at one end; rich red carpets would be laid, and these would be raised for the dancing when the Royal Hungarian Band from Vi-

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enna played its first dance, which would be that old favorite "Blue Danube" Waltz, made famous by "the waltz king," Strauss.

The wedding-dress had arrived, and those favored ladies who had seen it reported it to be of point lace, and worth a small fortune.

Well, well! why is it that women are always interested in these things? Poor Eve! she had to dress alone for her wedding, for there was no one to admire her fine fig-leaves.

CHAPTER XXVII.

"From labor health, from health contentment spring;
Contentment opes the source of every joy."

—J. Beatty.

Celia looked back at the few weeks that elapsed before Nellie's marriage as the happiest in her life. To roam around this grand old estate with her sister and their lovers was joy unspeakable, and the four made many a pleasant excursion party, skating, sleighing, or hunting big game in the forests, for both girls could fire a rifle with telling effect.

They enjoyed the sleighing, and on one occasion they were chased by wolves, which made the outing all the more enjoyable to those intrepid American girls.

The night before the wedding Celia, who had sought her own room, awaits her maid to prepare her for her vestal couch. It is strange, but it is the same room where the Human Note

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was locked up a year ago. She reclines on a sofa in all the comfort of *negligée*, and notes the cupids and fleecy cloud painting on the ceiling of the grandly proportioned room. Where she lies she can look out into the park, and the moon, at its zenith, lights up the bare branches of the trees that glisten and sparkle with myriads of delicate, fleecy snow crystals. In the distance Lake Ladoga sleeps, its bosom covered with a carpet of snow.

She rises and listens. A rich lyric tenor voice is heard from the adjoining apartment, and she has no difficulty in catching every word of the ballad:

“Hope on, dear heart; hope on, and now
forever
Hope on, dear heart.”

Yes, it is her master’s voice—her own lover’s her Pullman’s voice, and she drank in every word with delight. Hope on—yes, with love

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like hers she would hope on, for the dear day
when they would meet never to part again.

Going to the window, she throws her arms on the casement and looks out. On this side of the castle the woods have been left in all their splendor, and no ring of the woodman's axe has been heard in many a day. How somber and dark they look, and how many, many miles it must be to her dear old America—away across Russia, the frozen desert of Siberia, Alaska—it made her fairly shudder to think of the distance. The view had something so grand and realistic in it that she longed to take the hand of her now chosen "Sir Galahad" and, hand in hand, explore its darkness.

Celia thought of how many girls, just stepping out into life's journey, would be longing for the fairy prince to come along, and, since she had met hers, how it had altered all her thoughts and ideas.

The moon, which had been obscured behind

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black clouds, came out and seemed to smile on
this dear girl.

The stable clock boomed the hour of twelve,
and she hastened to bed, to dream of Pullman.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

"Light, so low upon earth,
 You send a flash to the sun;
Here is the golden close of love,
 All my wooing is done."

—Tennyson.

There is always something about a wedding that is of deep human interest. And could we possibly describe one held with more pomp and royal splendor, even had it been one of royal blood?

Little do we of this country know what homes some of the Russian princes have, and that their income for a month, derived from enormous rent-rolls, would put to shame the princely incomes of our money kings.

Lenné Castle was of very ancient date. Wolfgang, who had conquered all Europe, had been entertained within its gates, and princes of the royal blood had dined in the old-fashioned finished hall, and then trod a graceful minuet in the

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great ball-room, which was, however, of much later construction.

The marriage was to take place at six o'clock, and then a dinner was to be served to some two hundred guests, to be followed with a dance. The ball-room, when decorated, presented a most beautiful appearance, a veritable glimpse of fairyland. The room was lighted with a thousand wax candles, giving it a soft brilliancy, unequalled by any electric lights.

The guests were the flower of society, the representatives of every court in Europe. Lined on both sides of the ball-room, the guests awaited the arrival of the wedding party. Two pages now appeared, dressed in the Prince's livery, scarlet and gold, and executed a fanfare on their trumpets.

At this moment the Royal Hungarian Orchestra burst forth into the strains of Mendelssohn's Wedding March. First appeared Celia, as matron of honor, gowned in white satin, pale but

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very beautiful. Then came five little flower-girls, strewing flowers before the bride, who entered on the arm of Prince Nicholas, in full regimentals as colonel in Russia's crack regiment, the Black Hussars. The bride, in her magnificent point lace gown, with regulation court train, a diamond necklace—the present of the groom—looked lovely. And Slingsby stood waiting under the floral bower, supported by Pullman Gillett.

The uniforms of the military men in the rooms presented a grand array of color. The magnificent uniform of the Royal Hussars worn by Lord Hampton and the splendid Hungarian uniform of Count Warsaw might be mentioned. The ladies' dresses sparkled with gems—enough for a king's ransom. To Slingsby, it all appeared a dream. His bride was as beautiful as a medieval saint.

The Primate of all Russia entered, followed by the Rev. C. F. Wilbur, who, pale as death, dressed in the robes of his sacred calling, would

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perform the ceremony. Looking as if about to step into the spiritual world, he read the beautiful service of the Episcopal Church. As the final prayer was said, and his grace the Archbishop pronounced the benediction, Mme. Calvé, the wondrous contralto, burst out in the words of the song:

“Oh! promise me.”

A storm of congratulations followed, and then a formal march took place to the hall. And it would be impossible to describe that wedding dinner. The courses were all that the most famous *chefs* of Europe could devise. The wines that flowed had no superior. The first toast, the health of the bride and groom, fell to Pullman Gillett's share, and, pale but handsome, he arose and said:

“Ladies and gentlemen, it is a great honor that devolves on me to propose the health of our bride and groom. The groom I know as an up-



"His grace the Archbishop pronounced the benediction."

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right, loyal young fellow, who is sure to make his mark in the world, and he is the luckiest of men to have culled the handsomest and purest flower on earth—a woman, in the truest sense of the word—his affinity, and it is my belief that the waves that break on the Continental shores will be no more steadfast and sure that the love they hold for each other. Weddings like this are good for one to behold, making men dream of the day when they may be as lucky as Slingsby Freestick."

Soon after dinner the carriage is announced to take the young people to the railway station, to go to sunny Italy, to spend the honeymoon on Lake Como. Getting into the carriage, the young people were alone for the first time in months, and Nellie, with a satisfied cry, nestled in the arms of her lover, her king, her husband, her all! The love that would shine out to him always steadfast and true, as the beacon-light

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shines out to guide the mariner home to safety,
rest, and peace.

“My own!” murmured Slingsby, as he drew
the flower-like face, with those true gray eyes,
closely to his breast, and their lips met in one
long lovers’ kiss.

“Ask me no more, sweet, when
Your soft arms twine,
And lingering lips and liquid eyes confess
That every feeling of your heart is mine.”

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EPILOGUE.

And now, dear reader, as we are about to leave one another, if you have spent a pleasant half-hour with our little drama, we are amply repaid. We meet in this life very much the same as ships that pass in the night; just a signal, and the answer, "All's well," and then pass out into the night. So now it behooves us in these meetings, be they ever so short, to scatter the sunshine all we can, and remember our mission in life is to beget happiness, joy, and pleasure, and those of you, dear readers, who have not obtained your affinity, remember,

"Far out of sight where sorrow now enfolds us,
Lies that fair country where our hearts abide,
And other words are not more wondrous told us
Than these few words, 'I shall be satisfied.' "

**"There 's a bliss beyond all that the minstrel
has told,
When two that are linked in one heavenly tie,
With heart never changing and brow never cold,
Love on thro' all ills and love on till they die!
One hour of a passion so sacred is worth
Whole ages of heartless and wandering bliss;
And, oh! if there be an Elysium on earth,
It is this, it is this."**

